Miss America

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JANUARY

nning a HONEYMOON CRUISE to Bermuda!

IN THIS ISSUE: 3 *Romantic* **PATSY WALKER** *comics*

and 4 TRUE-TO-LIFE NOVELETTES!

ADVICE TO MISS AMERICA READERS FOR

BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too ***—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.*** **Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.**

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 290 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

[*Advertisement*]

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Are you in the know?

To dramatize your eyes, should you—

- ☐ *Keep 'em rolling*
- ☐ *Bead your lashes*
- ☐ *Dodge dark lipstick*

You needn't go theatrical to get him to notice those glimmers. Come-hither glances may scare him off. (Likewise, "movie" lashes.) A subtler trick is to dodge dark lipstick. Paler shades are right for you . . . tend to add size to your eyes. And speaking of size . . . did you know Kotex (and *only* Kotex) comes in *3 sizes?* So when you choose from Regular, Junior and Super Kotex you're sure of having a napkin that's exactly right for *you*.

Which can help you land the job?

- ☐ *Your grooming*
- ☐ *Your manner*
- ☐ *Your voice*

Pipsqueaks and Timid Tillies don't score with the personnel department. But shyness and a tense voice needn't plague you — if you're sure you look smooth. That's one reason why good grooming is vital. (Especially in that first interview.) It's a prop for your poise. On trying days, let Kotex help, because Kotex coddles you with comfort; softness that doesn't desert you. Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*, so you can take poise for granted!

Would a well bred week-end guest—

- ☐ *Expect to be waited on*
- ☐ *Help with the housework*
- ☐ *Leave it to her hostess*

A guest is supposed to relax, you may say . . . so why lift your lily-white hand? One thing is certain: When visiting at "those" times, you can relax about sanitary protection worries. For with that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex, you get *extra* protection. You're *chafe-free.* Really comfortable. You can breeze through your share of those household chores. Then why not be helpful? The considerate guest goes places . . . more often!

To rate, must your date be—

- ☐ *A big-time spender*
- ☐ *A joe with a jalopy*
- ☐ *Just a grand guy*

Would you only date a big wallet deal — or only a character who can chauffeur you around? Too bad to be labelled a snob-sister. Lads like to rate for themselves alone. A really charming girl is sincere. Self-assured, too . . . and when you go dating at certain times, remember those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. What's more, that Kotex Sanitary Belt keeps you oh-so-comfortable. Yes! Because it's all-elastic, adjustable — lets you bend without binding.

3 guesses what girls forget most!

- ☐ *Remove makeup at bedtime*
- ☐ *Repair chipped nail polish*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex
KOTEX

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Miss America published Monthly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Miss America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

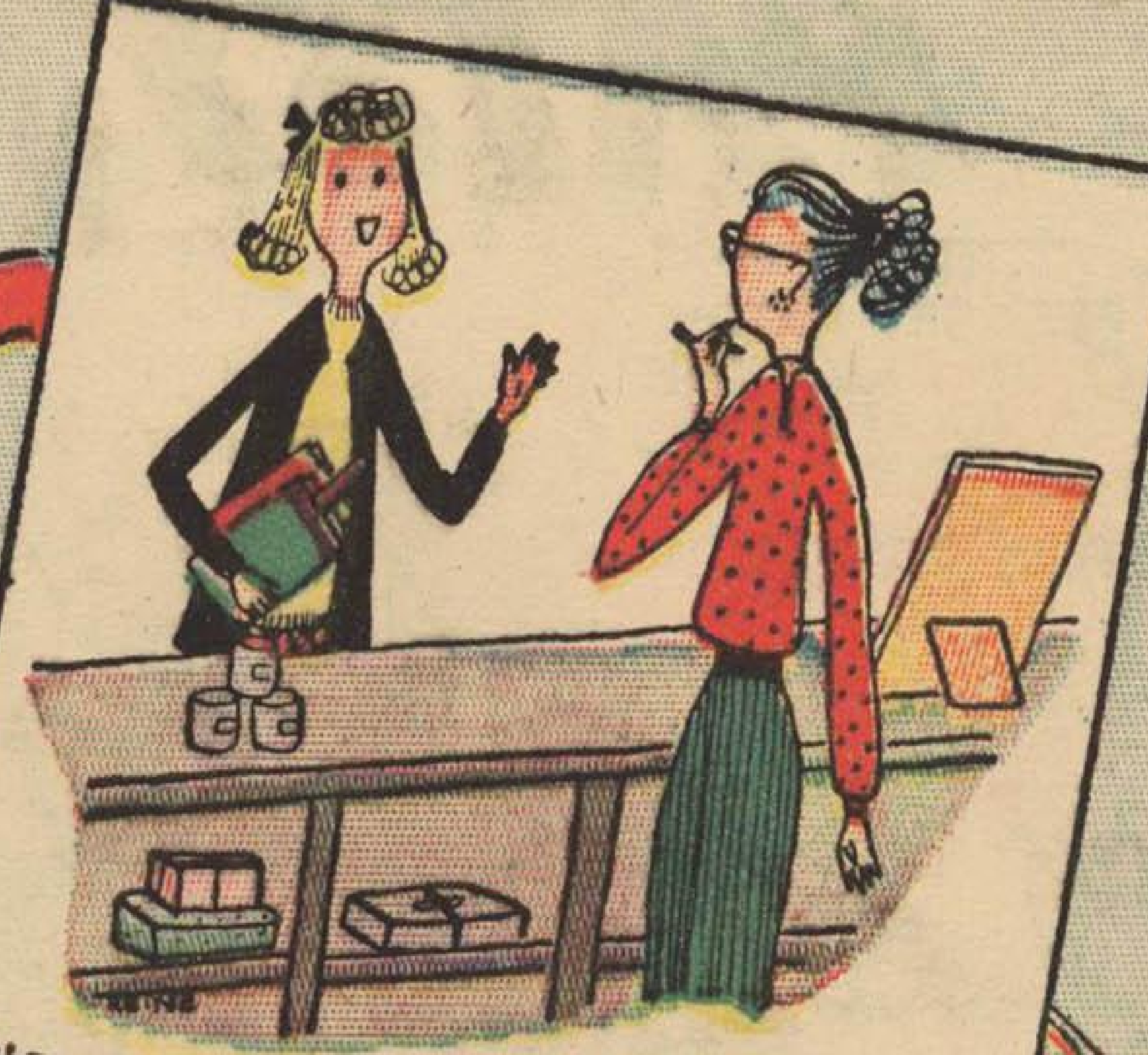
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1947.

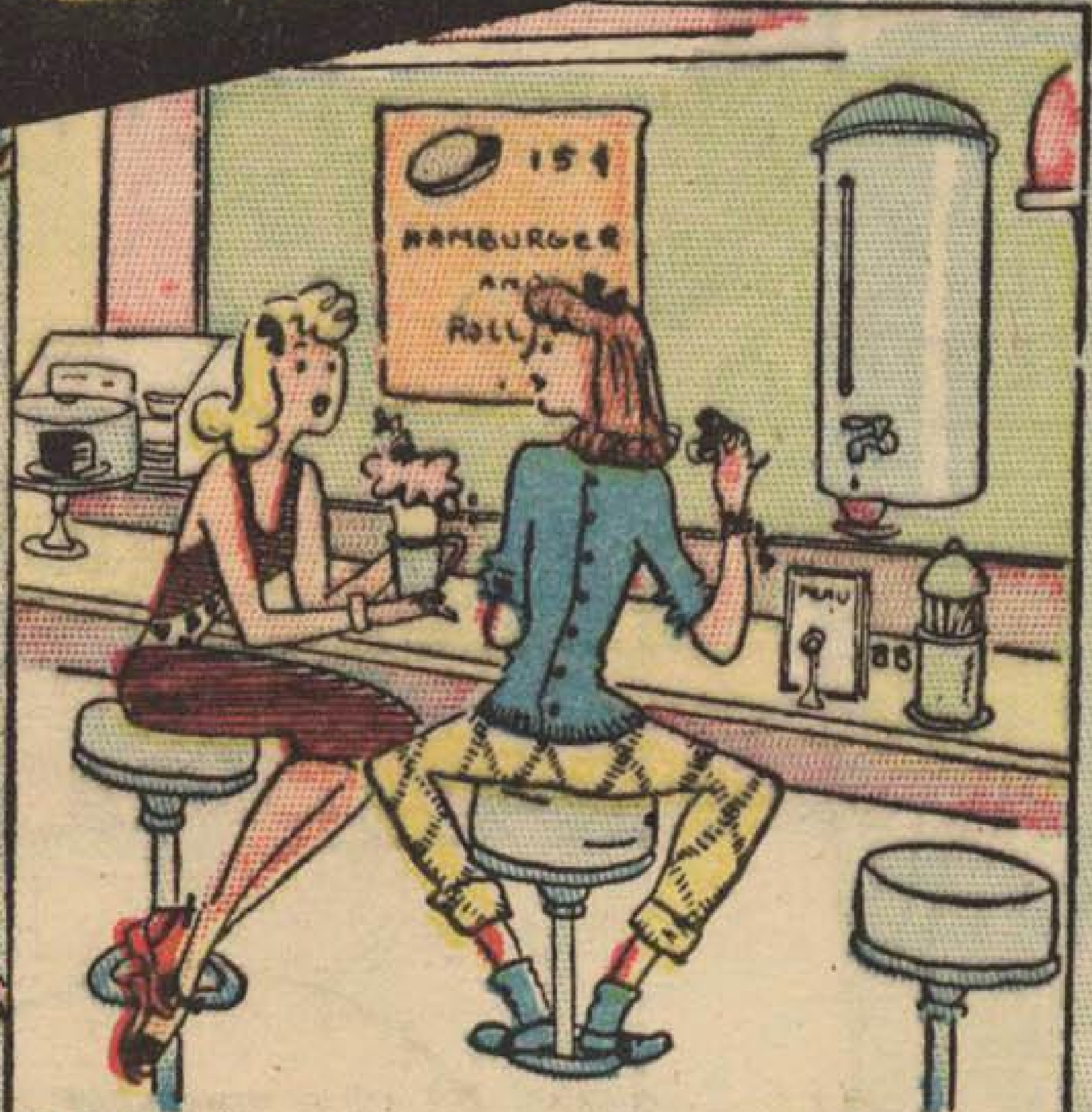
(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

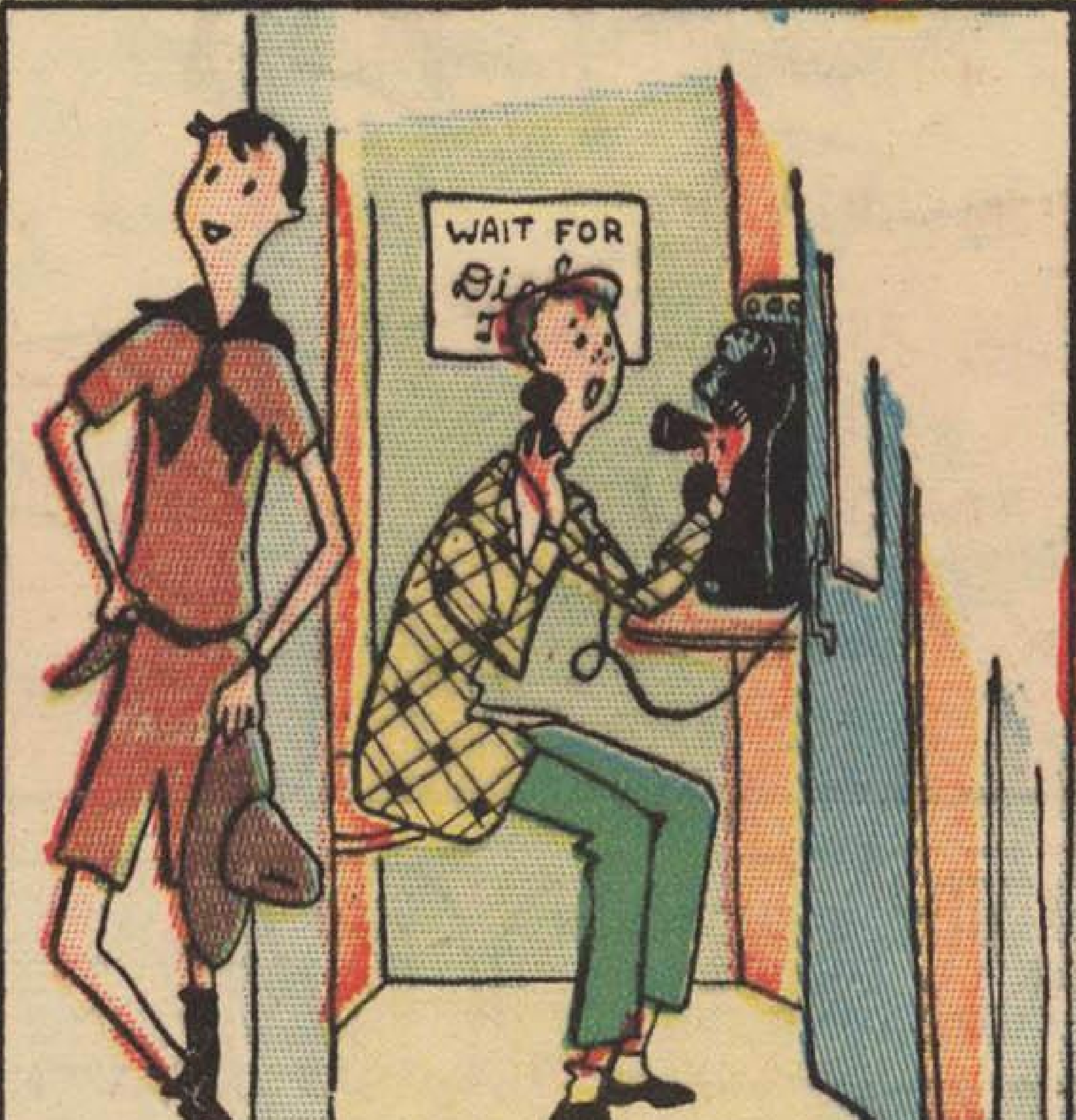
GRINS FOR GALS



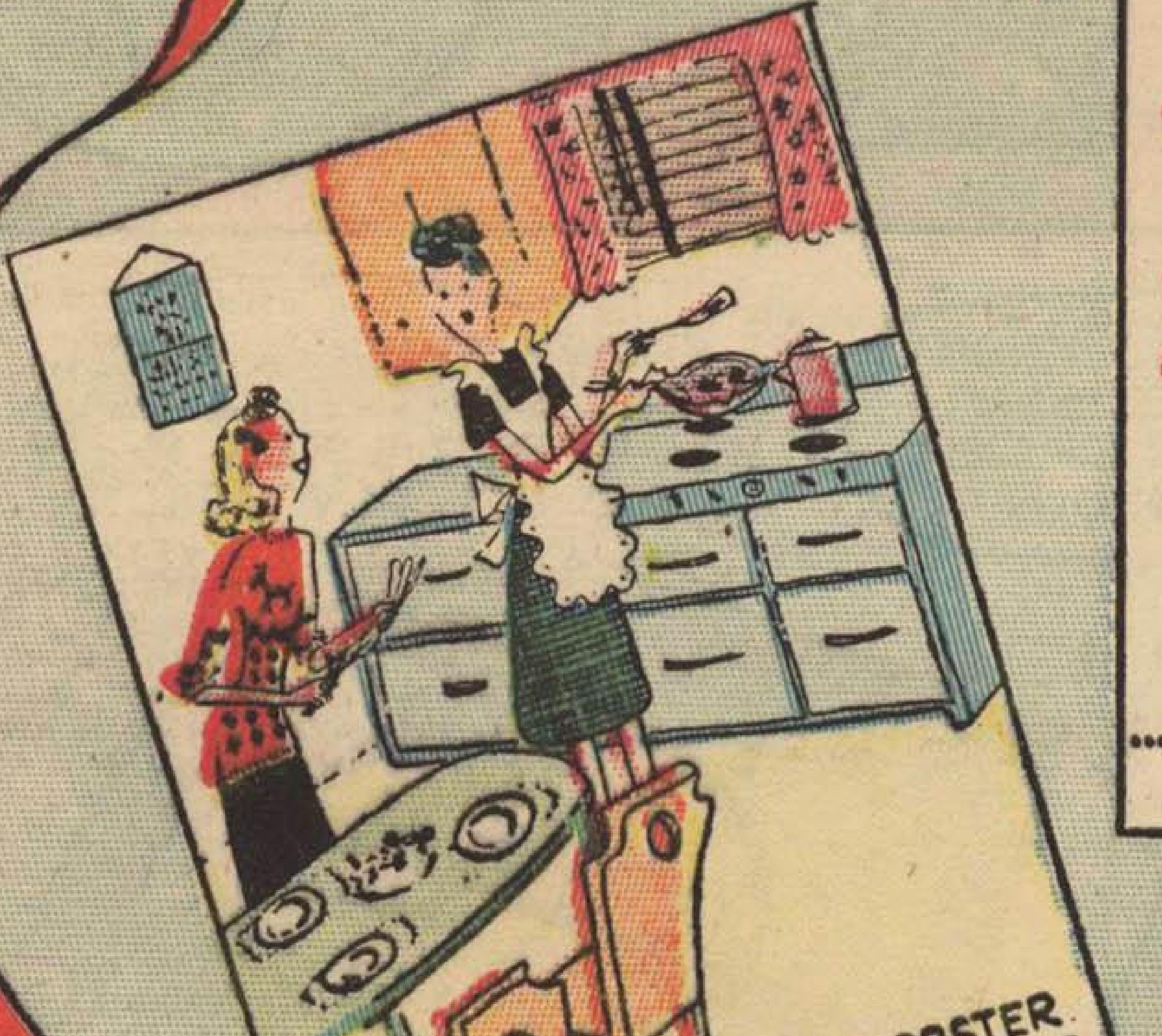
I'D LIKE SOME PLAIN, SIMPLE ORDINARY SOAP THAT ISN'T USED BY DEBS, MOVIE STARS OR LOVELY BRIDES.



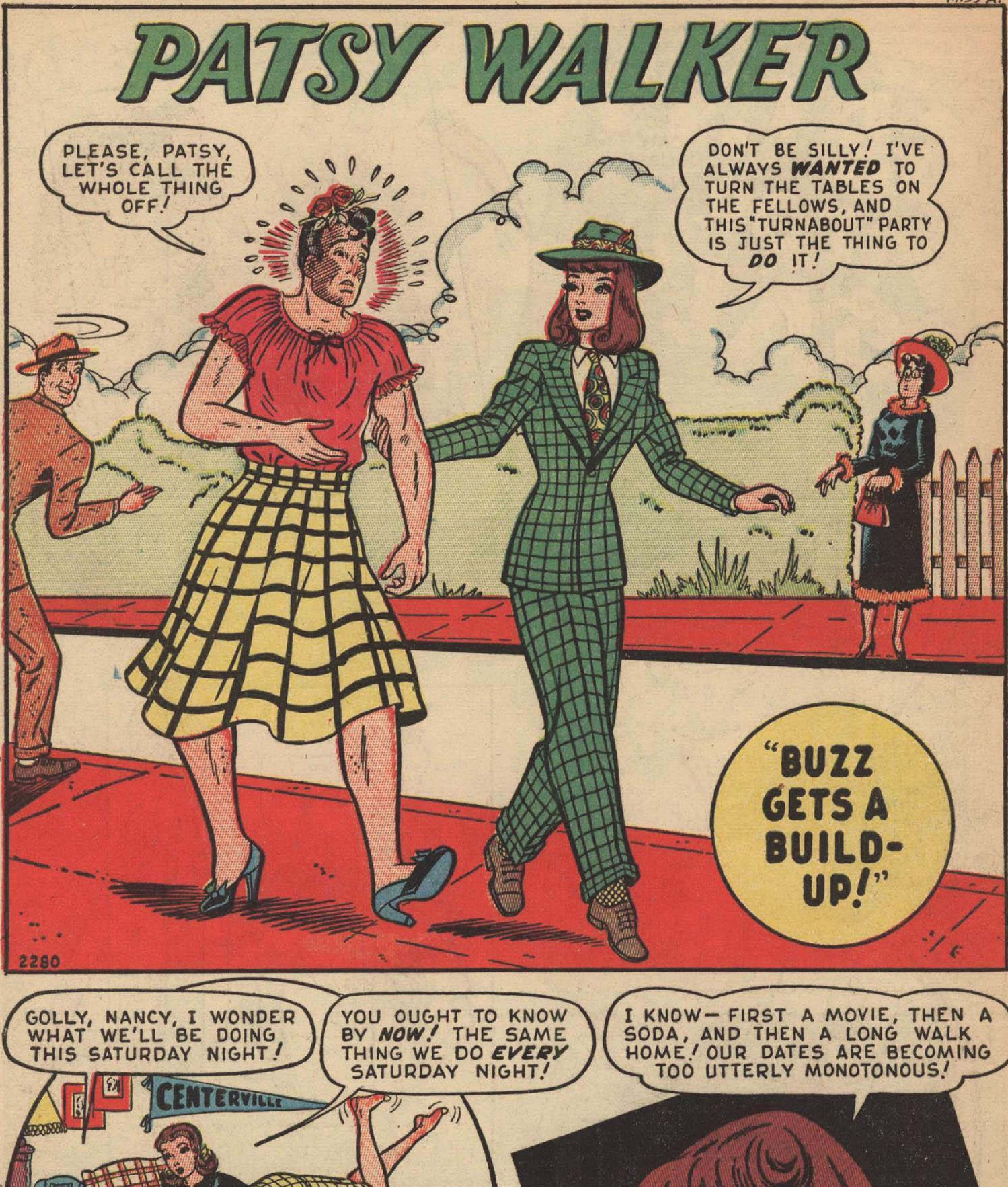
"DO YOU THINK IT'S BECAUSE I'M A VEGETARIAN THAT WOLVES STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR?"

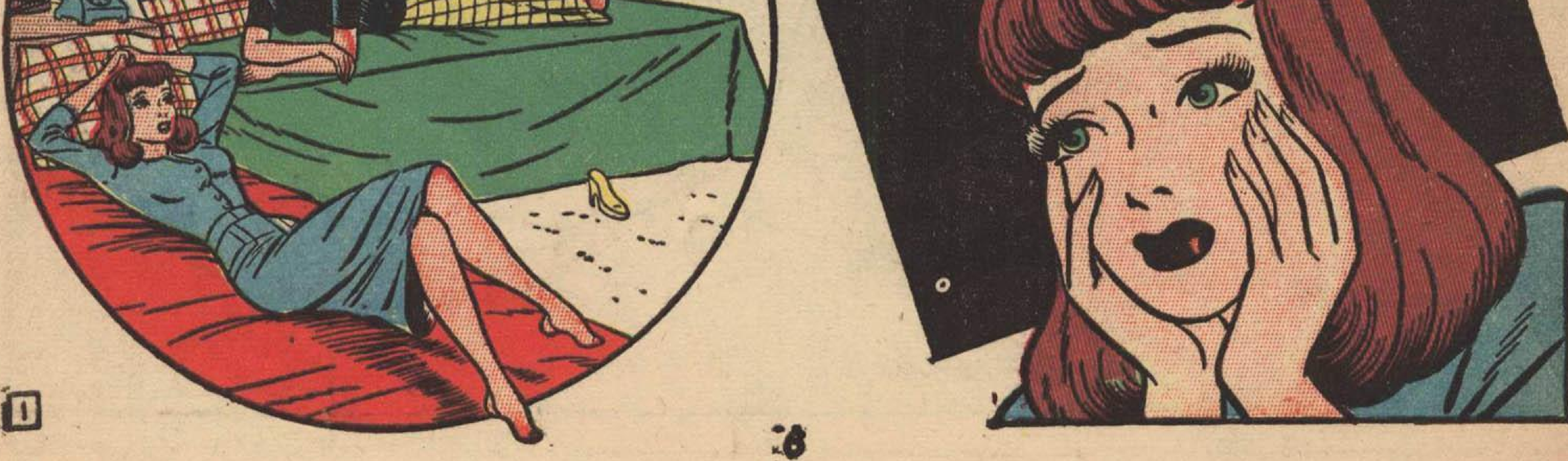


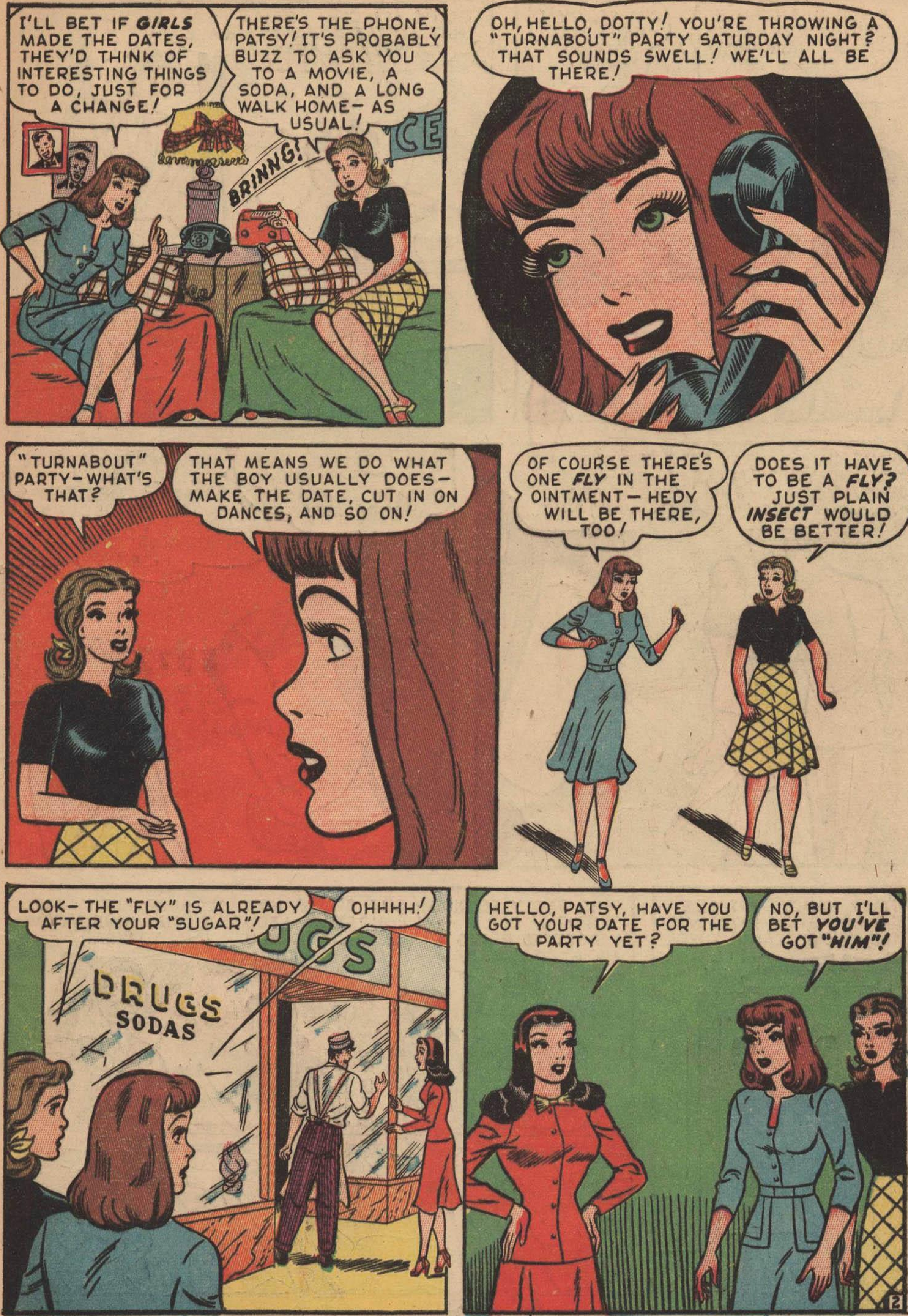
...HE'S TALL, DARK AND STILL IN UNIFORM!



"MOTHER, PLEASE SERVE LOBSTER SALAD AND SALMON CROQUETTES FOR SUPPER! I'D LIKE TO STOCK UP ON BRAIN FOOD FOR TOMORROW'S QUIZ!"

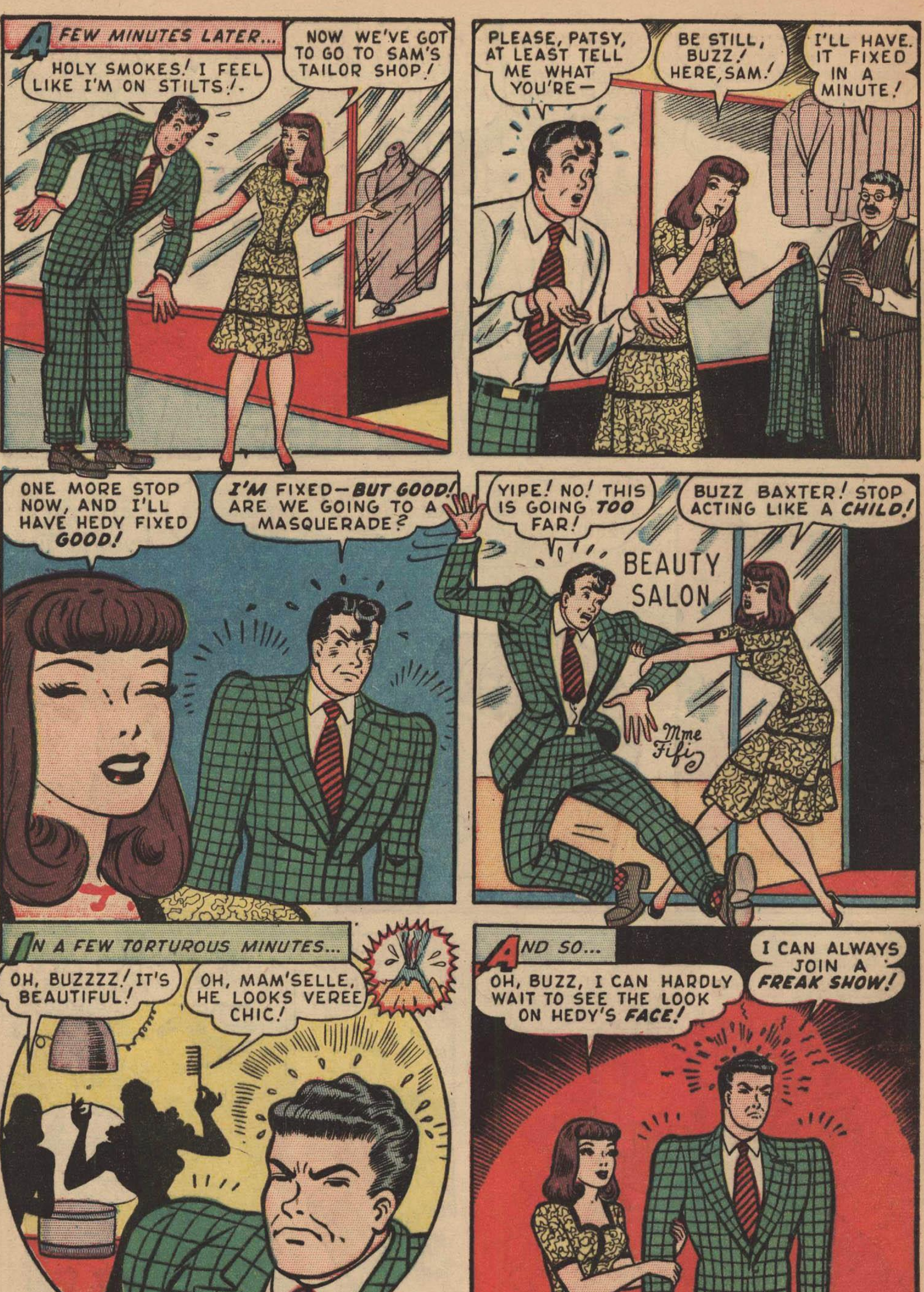

PATSY WALKER
PLEASE, PATSY, LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!
DON'T BE SILLY! I'VE ALWAYS *WANTED* TO TURN THE TABLES ON THE FELLOWS, AND THIS "TURNABOUT" PARTY IS JUST THE THING TO *DO* IT!
"BUZZ GETS A BUILD-UP!"
2280

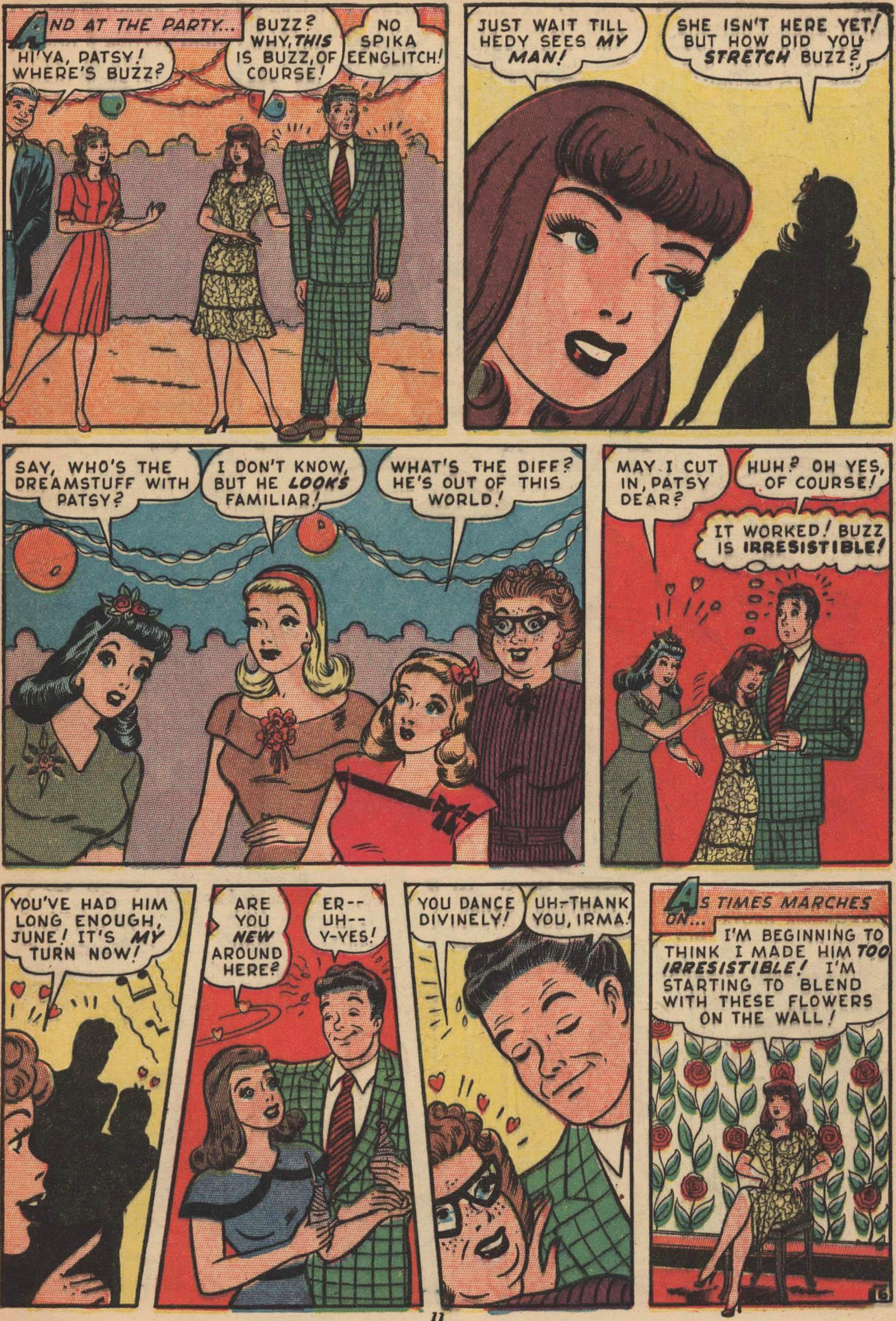

GOLLY, NANCY, I WONDER WHAT WE'LL BE DOING THIS SATURDAY NIGHT!
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY *NOW*! THE SAME THING WE DO *EVERY* SATURDAY NIGHT!
CENTERVILLE
I KNOW— FIRST A MOVIE, THEN A SODA, AND THEN A LONG WALK HOME! OUR DATES ARE BECOMING TOO UTTERLY MONOTONOUS!
1

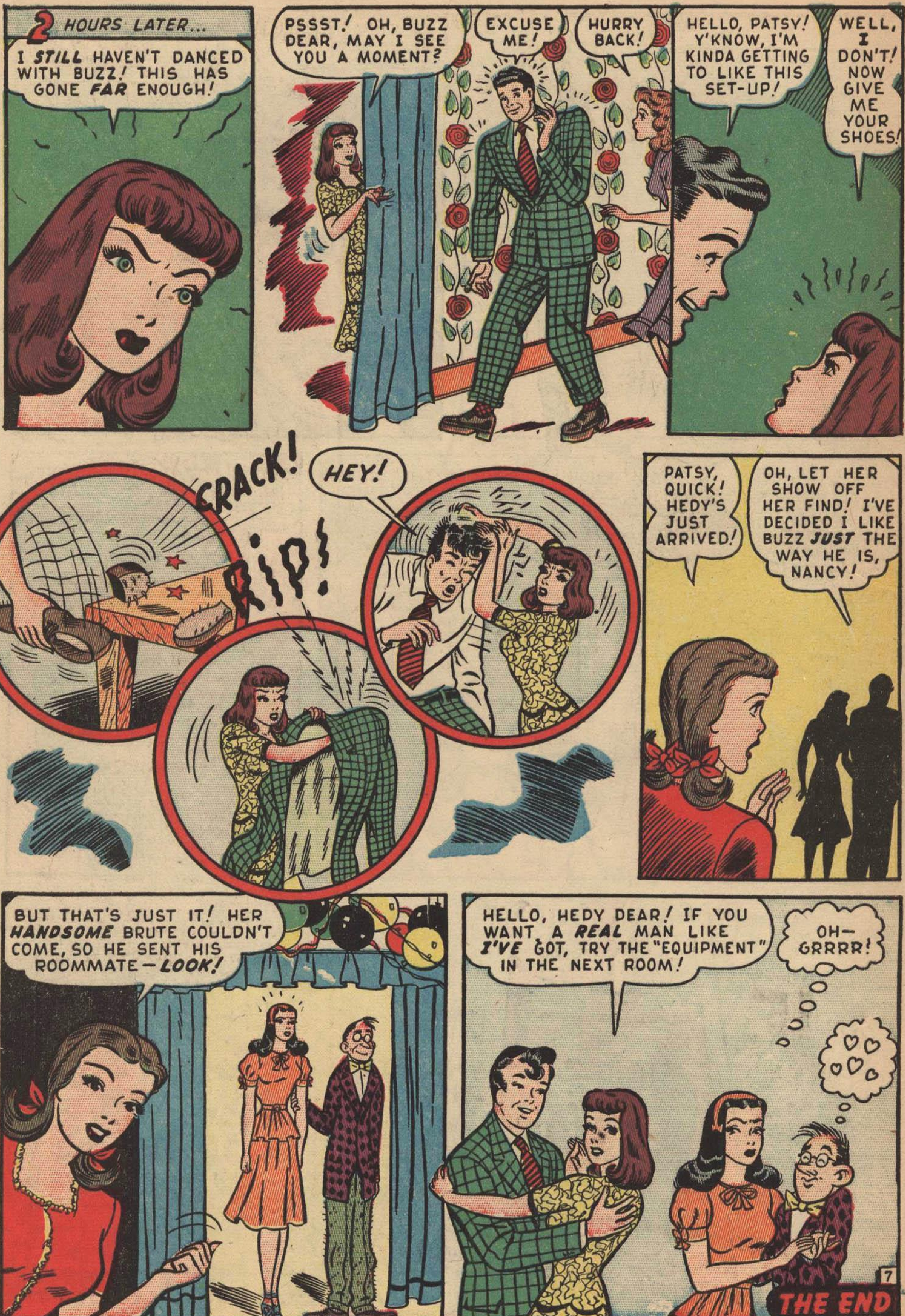

I'LL BET IF *GIRLS* MADE THE DATES, THEY'D THINK OF INTERESTING THINGS TO DO, JUST FOR A CHANGE!
THERE'S THE PHONE, PATSY! IT'S PROBABLY BUZZ TO ASK YOU TO A MOVIE, A SODA, AND A LONG WALK HOME— AS USUAL!
BRINNG!
CE
OH, HELLO, DOTTY! YOU'RE THROWING A "TURNABOUT" PARTY SATURDAY NIGHT? THAT SOUNDS SWELL! WE'LL ALL BE THERE!
"TURNABOUT" PARTY— WHAT'S THAT?
THAT MEANS WE DO WHAT THE BOY USUALLY DOES— MAKE THE DATE, CUT IN ON DANCES, AND SO ON!
OF COURSE THERE'S ONE *FLY* IN THE OINTMENT— HEDY WILL BE THERE, TOO!
DOES IT HAVE TO BE A *FLY?* JUST PLAIN *INSECT* WOULD BE BETTER!
LOOK— THE "FLY" IS ALREADY AFTER YOUR "SUGAR"!
OHHHH!
UGS
DRUGS
SODAS
HELLO, PATSY, HAVE YOU GOT YOUR DATE FOR THE PARTY YET?
NO, BUT I'LL BET *YOU'VE* GOT *"HIM"*!
2

IF YOU MEAN BUZZ, DON'T WORRY! *I'LL LET YOU* HAVE HIM! I'M TAKING A *REAL MAN* AS *MY* DATE!
I'M SORRY I KEPT YOU WAITING, HEDY!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BRIAN DEAR! THAT *LITTLE SODA BOY* GAVE ME YOUR MESSAGE!
G'BYE, PATSY! WE'LL SEE YOU AND YOUR *LITTLE BOY FRIEND* AT THE PARTY!
"LITTLE" SODA BOY? *"LITTLE"* BOY FRIEND? WHY, THAT...
GOSH, PATSY, I MUST ADMIT THAT BRIAN FELLOW IS *VER-RY* HANDSOME!
POO! WHAT DOES HE HAVE THAT BUZZ DOESN'T? BESIDES BROAD SHOULDERS, BEAUTIFUL WAVY HAIR, AND SEVERAL INCHES IN HEIGHT?
C'MON, NANCY, I'M GOING IN AND ASK BUZZ!
I SEE TOMMY IN THERE! I'LL ASK HIM!
THIS PARTY SOUNDS TERRIFIC! DON'T FORGET TO BRING ME A *CORSAGE!*
BUT OF COURSE!
HOW ABOUT YOU, TOMMY?
SURE, BUT I SIMPLY DON'T HAVE A *THING* TO WEAR!
3

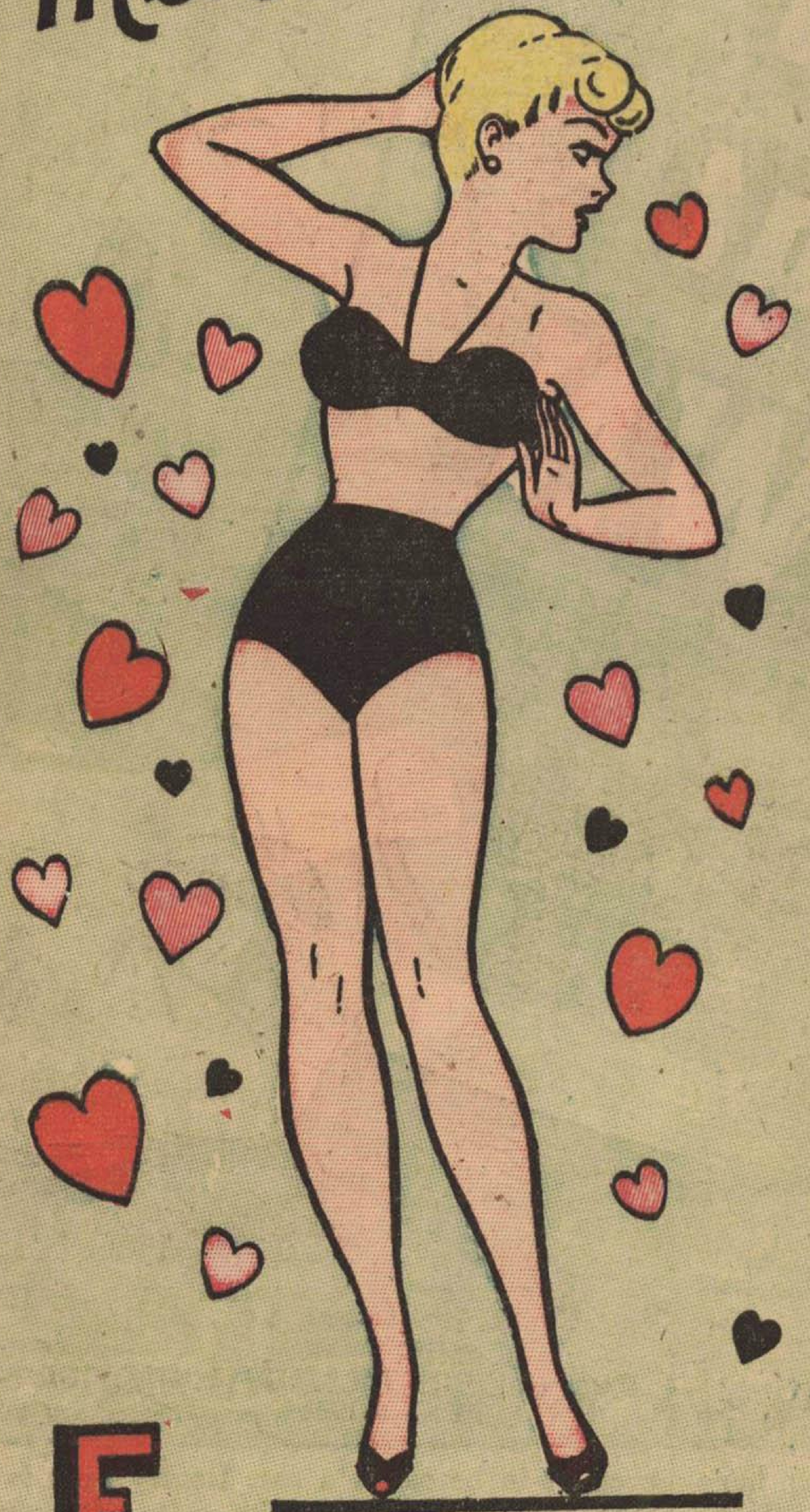
GOSH, NANCY, YOUR DATE IS TALL AND BROAD-SHOULDERED, TOO!
TOMMY *IS* NICE!
HELLO, PATSY! HOW'S YOUR PUNY LITTLE BOY FRIEND?
COME, PATSY! DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HER!
SATURDAY...
BUT GEE, NANCY, BUZZ WILL LOOK KIND OF PUNY COMPARED TO TOMMY AND THAT BRIAN!
DON'T BE SILLY! IT DOESN'T MATTER, AND BESIDES, YOU CAN'T *DO* ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
OH, YES I CAN! I HAVE AN IDEA!
HELLO, BUZZ! PLEASE MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF MAIN AND SPRUCE STREET IN FIVE MINUTES!
BUT PATSY, THE PARTY'S IN A FEW HOURS!
GO HOME AND GET READY! I'LL MEET YOU AT THE DANCE!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
HELLO, PATSY! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, BUZZ! WE'VE GOT TO HURRY TO TONY'S SHOE REPAIR SHOP!
MAIN ST.
SPRUCE ST.
B-BUT MY SHOES DON'T *NEED* FIXING!
--AND TONY, CAN YOU-BZZ...BZZ...
OH, SURE! I FEEX QUEEK!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HOLY SMOKES! I FEEL LIKE I'M ON STILTS!.
NOW WE'VE GOT TO GO TO SAM'S TAILOR SHOP!
PLEASE, PATSY, AT LEAST TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE—
BE STILL, BUZZ! HERE, SAM!
I'LL HAVE. IT FIXED IN A MINUTE!
ONE MORE STOP NOW, AND I'LL HAVE HEDY FIXED *GOOD!*
I'M FIXED—*BUT GOOD!* ARE WE GOING TO A MASQUERADE?
YIPE! NO! THIS IS GOING *TOO* FAR!
BUZZ BAXTER! STOP ACTING LIKE A *CHILD!*
BEAUTY SALON
Mme Fifi
IN A FEW TORTUROUS MINUTES...
OH, BUZZZZ! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
OH, MAM'SELLE, HE LOOKS VEREE CHIC!
AND SO...
OH, BUZZ, I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON HEDY'S *FACE!*
I CAN ALWAYS JOIN A *FREAK SHOW!*
5


AND AT THE PARTY...
HI'YA, PATSY! WHERE'S BUZZ?
BUZZ? WHY, THIS IS BUZZ, OF COURSE!
NO SPIKA EENGLITCH!
JUST WAIT TILL HEDY SEES MY MAN!
SHE ISN'T HERE YET! BUT HOW DID YOU STRETCH BUZZ?
SAY, WHO'S THE DREAMSTUFF WITH PATSY?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE LOOKS FAMILIAR!
WHAT'S THE DIFF? HE'S OUT OF THIS WORLD!
MAY I CUT IN, PATSY DEAR?
HUH? OH YES, OF COURSE!
IT WORKED! BUZZ IS IRRESISTIBLE!
YOU'VE HAD HIM LONG ENOUGH, JUNE! IT'S MY TURN NOW!
ARE YOU NEW AROUND HERE?
ER-- UH-- Y-YES!
YOU DANCE DIVINELY!
UH-THANK YOU, IRMA!
AS TIMES MARCHES ON...
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I MADE HIM TOO IRRESISTIBLE! I'M STARTING TO BLEND WITH THESE FLOWERS ON THE WALL!
6


2 HOURS LATER...
I STILL HAVEN'T DANCED WITH BUZZ! THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
PSSST! OH, BUZZ DEAR, MAY I SEE YOU A MOMENT?
EXCUSE ME!
HURRY BACK!
HELLO, PATSY! Y'KNOW, I'M KINDA GETTING TO LIKE THIS SET-UP!
WELL, I DON'T! NOW GIVE ME YOUR SHOES!
CRACK!
RIP!
HEY!
PATSY, QUICK! HEDY'S JUST ARRIVED!
OH, LET HER SHOW OFF HER FIND! I'VE DECIDED I LIKE BUZZ JUST THE WAY HE IS, NANCY!
BUT THAT'S JUST IT! HER HANDSOME BRUTE COULDN'T COME, SO HE SENT HIS ROOMMATE—LOOK!
HELLO, HEDY DEAR! IF YOU WANT A REAL MAN LIKE I'VE GOT, TRY THE "EQUIPMENT" IN THE NEXT ROOM!
OH—GRRRR!
7
THE END

Meet Millie!



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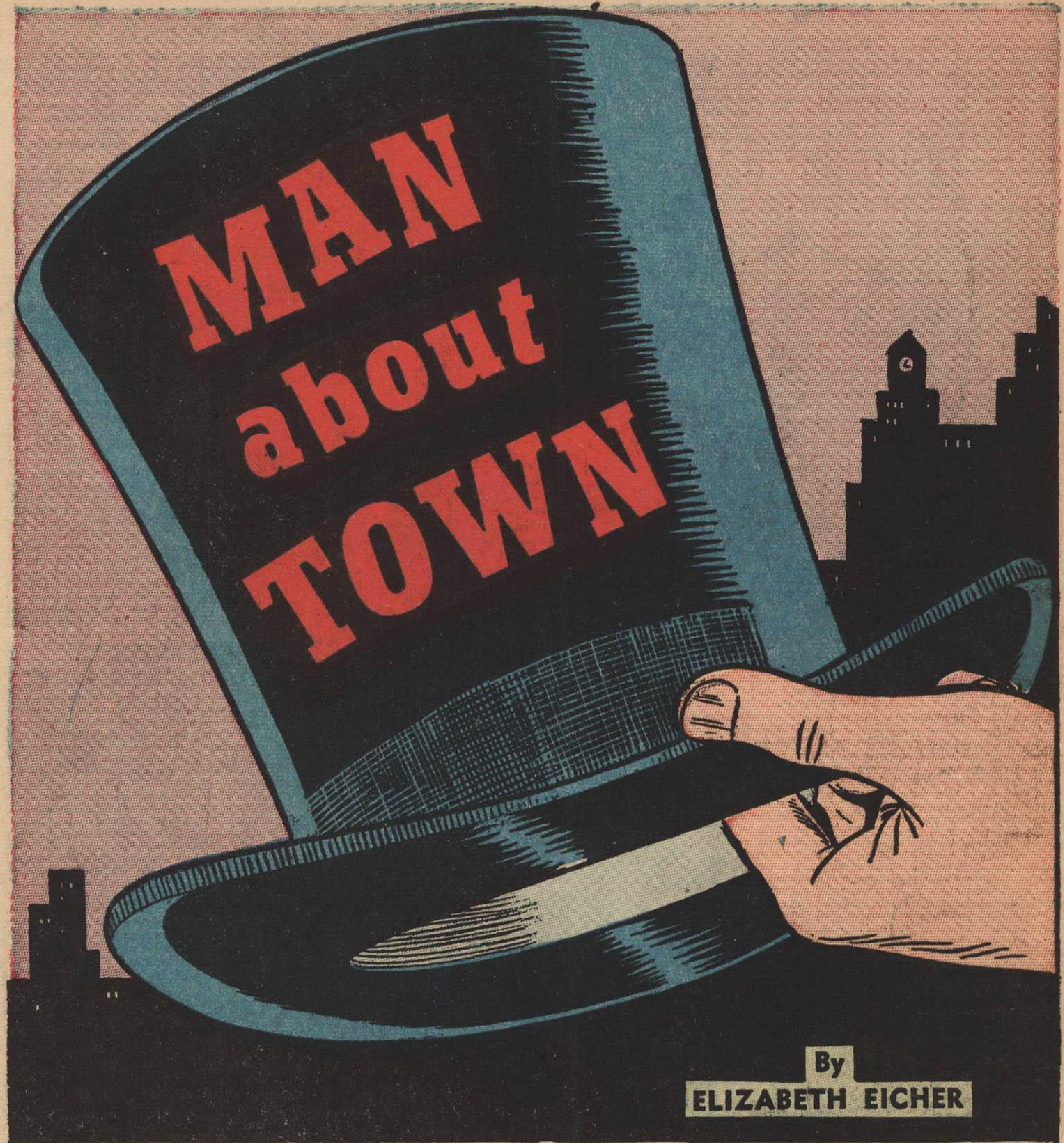


MAN about TOWN

By

ELIZABETH EICHER

SOMETIMES IT TAKES MORE THAN A SLEEK CAR, A SUAVE MANNER, AND EASY MONEY TO MAKE A GENTLEMAN! BIBS FOUND THAT OUT, BUT WAS IT TOO LATE?

"FOO! Men make me sick!" Bibs pulled up her blue-jean-clad legs and glared at the rolling farmlands to the east. The old stone wall was a favorite resting place for Ann, Lou, and Bibs, on their five-mile hikes.

"But have you seen him?" wailed Ann. "He's dee-vine!"

"You just can't have seen him, Bibs, or you wouldn't say that," Lou declared smugly.

"Listen, Bibs, he's the manliest man this town has seen in ages. Maybe in its whole history. And to think that he'd come now, just in time for the Hi-Hideout anniversary dance!" Ann sighed dreamily.

"That car," Lou sighed, too.

"Chuck has a car," Bibs said stoutly.

"Oh, Bibs! That moth-eaten, rattley . . ." Ann sputtered to a stop for lack of words. "Why it isn't even fit to be called a car. Donley's car is a mile long, and it's all chrome with white side-walled tires. The way he drives . . ."

"Does it with his ears, does he?" Bibs interrupted sarcastically.

"Listen," pleaded Ann, "here I give you the benefit of telling you about this gift of the gods, and you act like a moron. Honestly . . ."

Bibs smiled. "All right. Rave on."

"He's been everywhere and seen everything. He's been to Europe four times. He goes to Maine in the summers and Florida in the winters. He's spent months on his uncle's ranch, and they say he rides like a dream. He has dozens of cups for swimming and diving, and he's a champion skier. He's . . ."

"Is there anything," interrupted Bibs, "that this boy wonder doesn't do?"

Ann paid no attention. "He's gone to the best boarding schools and prep schools, and he's had private tutors . . ."

"Probably so he could pass his courses."

"His aunt in England gave him a plane and . . ."

"Globe trotter, huh?"

"That's what I've been telling you—he's a world-traveled man! And he's 22!"

Bibs snorted. She sprang off the wall onto the dried meadow grass. "This was to be a hike—not a lecture on Mrs. Evans' nephew or men in general. Come on! We've over three miles to go."

Lou groaned. "I'd rather sit right here. You and Ann can keep up the reputation of the gang."

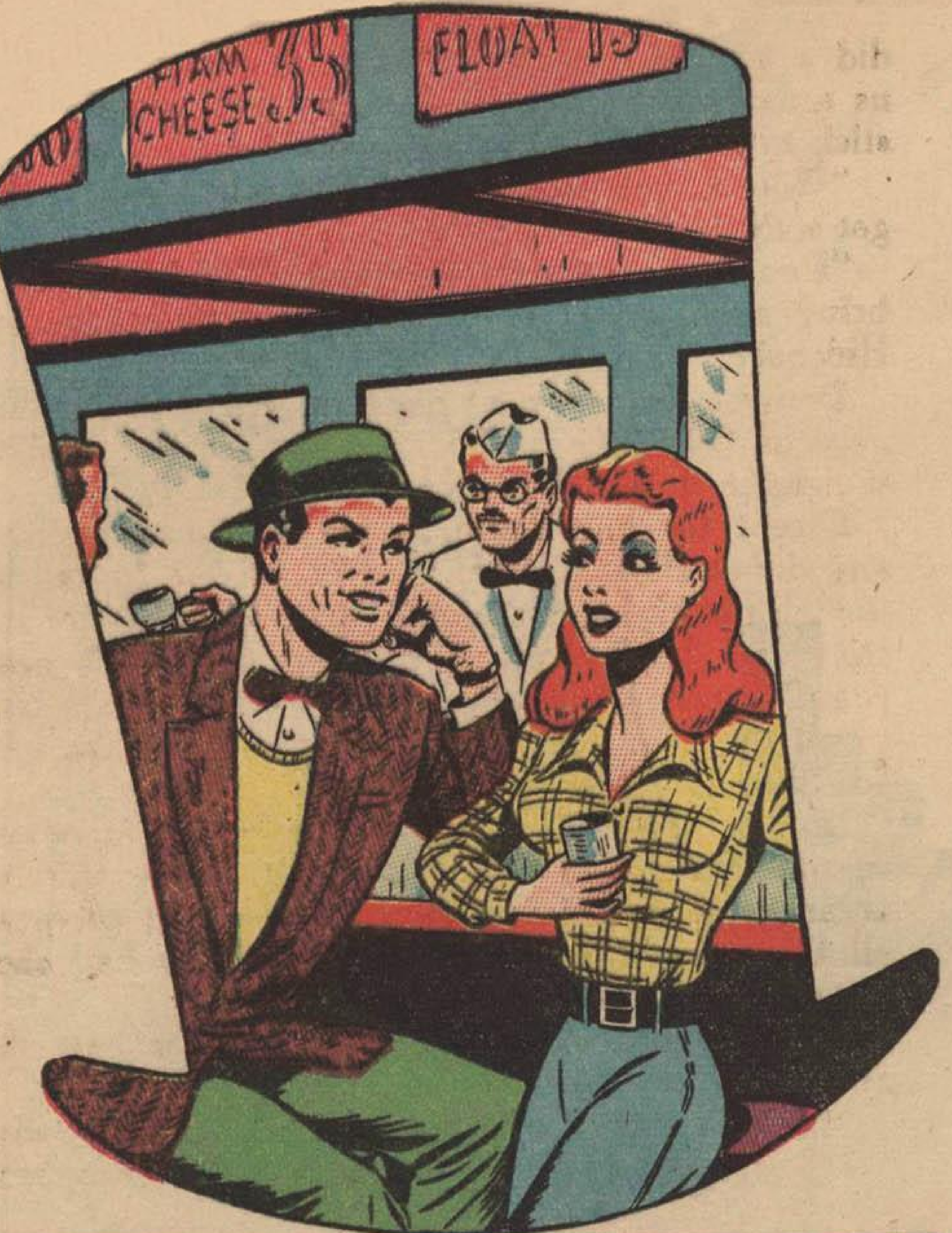
"You'll never lose those extra pounds that way. How are you going to make this glamour boy come beating a path to your door if you look like a roll of cotton batting?"

Bibs pulled her friend off the wall, and the three set off toward the Gorge—a favorite spot the year round. The park was deserted. They built a fire in one of the stone fireplaces and roasted wieners.

"Are the plans all made for the dance?" Lou asked. The dance, commemorating the first anniversary of the opening of the town's recreation night-spot for teen-agers, was a high light of the season.

"No," Bibs puffed, pumping clear, sparkling water into the paper cups the girls held. "Some of the juniors want to ask the Jr. College boys, and we seniors are against it. The faculty committee members haven't said anything. Maybe they think we seniors will win out, and then they won't have to get into the fight."

Lou stopped the progress of a wiener toward her



"You know, you're beautiful. You're not only beautiful, you're different . . ."

mouth. "How are you going to vote, Madame Chairman?"

Bibs bowed. "As chairman of the committee, I vote 'Nay'."

"But why?" protested Ann.

Bibs' face was serious. "It's the anniversary dance for our Hi-Hideout, and I think the same rules we've had all year ought to hold good. I don't think anyone but high school students—our high school students—ought to be there. There are lots of fellows who won't come if they thought the Jr. College boys were going to be there. They know that the girls aren't going to give them a tumble as long as there's a college man in hailing distance."

"I guess that's true," Ann agreed slowly. "Only, if your side wins out, then Donley Evans won't be eligible."

"Nope!"

"You're pretty hard on a gal, Bibs."

Bibs laughed. "It won't hurt you to try the latest steps with Jerry and Bumps, or any of the gang. Come on, let's gather up the papers and get started. Ann, you put out the fire."

The three were soon on the way home. It was dusk when they arrived at Bibs' gate, and the lamps were lit in the hall. As Bibs skipped up the front steps, the front door was thrown open, and something in herringbone tweed and a pork pie hat collided violently with her.

"Ump!" grunted Bibs, the breath knocked out of her.

"Whoops! Little One!" laughed a voice, deliciously deep and mannish. Two firm hands on her arms above her elbows steadied her.

"I'm sorry," gasped Bibs.

"Don't mention it," rolled the deep voice again. The fellow's face was half in shadow, but Bibs could see a fascinating grin and features termed "classic".

He was gone, abruptly; and Bibs went dazedly into the house. "Who . . . who was that?" she demanded of her mother.

"Why, hello, Bibs. I suppose you mean Mrs. Evans' nephew. He just left."

"He ran into me. Well, I guess I ran into him, too. What was he doing here?"

"The telephone," explained Mrs. Barnes. "Theirs isn't working, and since the Emerys aren't home, he came here to report it to Trouble Service."

"Oh," said Bibs.

That evening the Hi-Hideout Anniversary Dance Committee adjourned to Snaffle's Snack Bar for refreshment after their strenuous session. Bibs, a bit tired from her long hike—although she'd never admit it—propped her elbows on the counter regardless of etiquette. From one of the rear booths came giggles and masculine laughs, and Bibs was not in the least surprised, a few minutes later, to see Donley Evans come strolling along with the crowd. Not surprised, but her heart beat faster and she hoped her cheeks weren't flaming.

"Hello, Donley," she said carelessly—at least, she hoped it was carelessly. Bibs hadn't had much practice being nonchalant before world-wide travelers.

Donley stopped, and a smile spread over those classic features so admired by Ann.

"Well, if it isn't . . ."

"Bibs Barnes."

Donley bowed from the waist. "Charmed, Miss Barnes." He draped himself over the stool on her left, and brought the said classic features right under her nose. "You know, you're beautiful. You're not only beautiful, you're different. I've never met anyone quite like you. I'm serious, you know."

Bibs was sure now that her face was flaming. This approach was so different from Chuck's, or Bill's, or any of the other fellows she knew. Maybe this was the European way; or just the private-prep-school way. Or—and a doubt began pushing up its ugly head—or was this sarcasm?

Bibs stole a look at her reflection in the mirror behind the freezer unit. Bibs, who never lacked the right answer, gulped and gurgled inane words. But evidently no answer was expected.

"Here I thought I was stuck in a hick town. Two weeks of my life—wasted! But now I've found you!"

"What is this, technique 3A?"

Donley struck a pose of mock despair. "She spurns me!"

"Silly!"

"Come on! Let's leave this gang of drips and go somewhere. I can get my car."

"Oh, I couldn't, Donley." The gang had never gone anywhere except to the home town refreshment bars after any evening affair.

"It's 'Don' to you. Where can we go? Isn't there any place to go in this burg?"

"Home," said Bibs quickly and emphatically. "It's my parents. I've promised them I'd be in early except on special occasions."

"But this *is* a special occasion, Little One. You've just met *me*!"

Bibs laughed and shook her head.

"Tomorrow? Will I see you tomorrow?"

Bibs nodded. "If you're around."

The week before the dance sped by quickly. If Bibs wasn't busy with committees, she was perched on a stool by Don. Bibs had never been rushed like this before, and she had to admit it certainly filled her days with excitement.

The gang decorated the Hideout. Bibs, struggling with crepe paper streamers, felt unhappy. The vote had gone against outsiders—largely through her efforts. But Don had somehow taken it for granted that he was Bibs' guest. Evidently she must have said something which sounded like an invitation. For the life of her Bibs couldn't remember what. Anyway, Mrs. Evans, representing the Hi-Hideout Advisory Board, was one of the hostesses, and the others wouldn't dare offend her by barring Donley from the dance. At least, he wasn't a college fellow.

On The Night, Bibs, resplendent in a new long frock and borrowed evening wrap, waited uncomfortably in the living room. Nine to 12:00 were the hours set; and it was already 9:30.

It was almost 10:00 when the horn of the "mile-long" roadster blared. Bibs waited a minute, expecting to hear Don's footsteps on the porch, but a second blare sent her stumbling down the steps.

"Don't keep me waiting, Little One!" Don reached across and swung open the door, and Bibs crawled in. "Close the door tight, Little One. Can't have you falling out! Maybe you'd better sit over here."

"I have to be careful of my dress," said Bibs quickly, suddenly feeling that she liked plenty of room on each side.

At the Hi-Hideout, Don, dexterously steering Bibs away from the faculty chaperones, asked, "Who're the grave robbers over there?"

"The Scotts." Bibs felt just a bit resentful. Although the Scotts were in their 30's, they were good scouts. They had done a lot to make the Hi-Hideout possible, and had chaperoned on dozens of evenings. "I'll introduce you, Don."

"No, thank you!" said Don, and whirled Bibs out into a corridor. "Let's find . . ."

"No!" Bibs interrupted quickly. "We've got to go back! I'm on the committee—it's sort of like being one of the hostesses. I've got to, Don."

"Look," said Don. "I'm dying of thirst."

"OK." Bibs sighed in relief, and felt somehow disgusted with herself. You certainly act like the naive, never-been-dated-before type if you're going to get panicky about nothing, she told herself. "I'm thirsty, too," she admitted. "The coke bar is over in the game room."

"Coke bar!" Don clapped a hand to his forehead and pretended to stagger against the wall. "Woman, I'm thirsty and you offer me coke! What is this, a kindergarten party? Do you mean to tell me that you kids actually go for coke?"

"No. Yes," said Bibs, becoming confused. "Look, Don. We think the people in this town who made the Hi-Hideout possible for all us high school kids did a lot, and we appreciate it, too. They've given us a dance floor and game rooms, and we've got to stick to the rules we agreed upon."

"Woman, you need a pulpit. But coke! Maybe I've got something out in the car . . ."

"Don!" Bibs could have cried. "Don't you dare bring anything in here. You'll make us lose the Hideout!"

Don scowled down at her, and then unbelievably gave in. "OK," he said briefly, and led her back to the dance floor.

Except for one dance, which Don had claimed and didn't show up for, Bibs hoped she looked as though she had had a good time. The fellows of the gang had let her alone, and the girls had been frigidly polite. It was hard to be radiant in the face of all that. Bibs was beginning to believe that she was through with men forever.

Don had assisted her into his car before the crowd so solicitously that Bibs felt like either an invalid or an octogenarian. The horn blared their progress all the way down Main Street. But they had shot down Bibs' street silently enough.

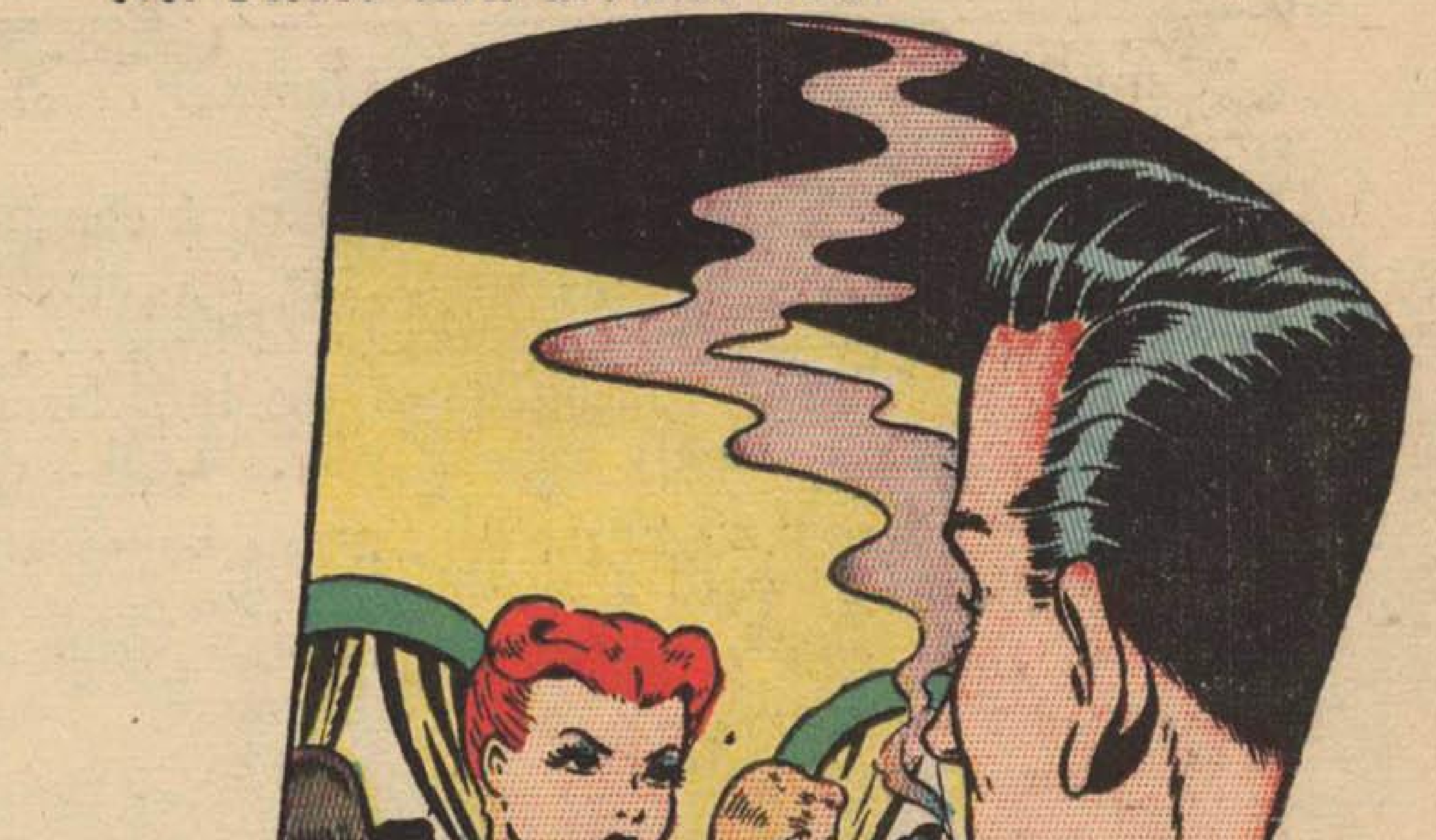
"Wait!" Bibs exclaimed. "You've gone past the house!"

"Have I now!" Don answered incredulously. "Well, since we have, we might as well take a little ride."

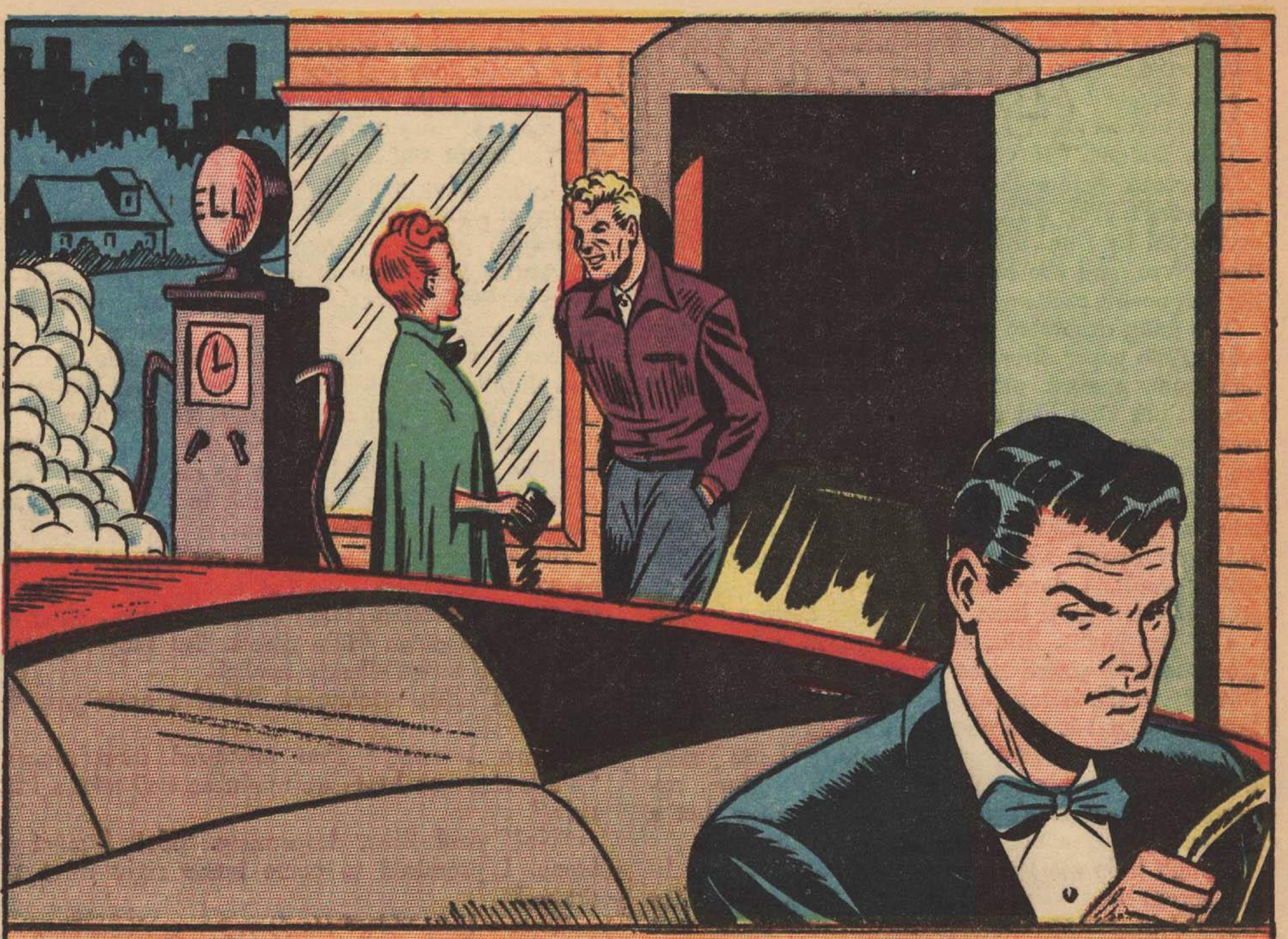
"No!" said Bibs, desperately. "No! I must go home. I promised to come home right after the dance."

"Just a little ride," Don's voice was coaxing.

"No. Please turn around. Don!"



"Don!" Bibs could have cried. "Don't you dare bring anything in here. You'll make us lose the Hideout!"



"Know many of us?"He stood carelessly in the doorway and grinned down at her. "Not yet," Bibs grinned back,"though I'm planning to—but soon!"

"Sure thing, Little One." The speedometer needle crept steadily upward.

Then, right at the top of the hill the engine coughed twice and died. Don glared at the instrument panel. "No gas! Of all the rotten kinds of luck . . ."

The car was slowly rolling down the hill. Near the bottom, Don suddenly gave a yelp. "Look! A filling station! Right in our lap!"

"It's closed," said Bibs doubtfully.

"What of it? Don't want the old codger around anyway." And then, in answer to Bibs' stare, "You wanted to get home, didn't you?"

"You're not going to steal it . . ."

"Of course not. I'll leave some change right by the pump. Don't let your puritan soul get upset."

Don crawled out and inspected the pumps. His face showed surprise when the hose failed to pour gas as he depressed the nozzle lever. Bibs sat in stunned silence.

"How do you work this thing?" he called softly.

"I wouldn't," said a voice. Don spun around to face the "old codger"—a young fellow with trousers and leather jacket pulled on over his pajamas. Don's eyes skittered over him, but the fellow's large, strong hands held no gun.

"It's an emergency, partner." Don's voice was glib. "Didn't want to take you . . . Going to leave a dollar by the pump."

"What's the rush?"

"Have to get gas—got to get the girl to a doctor. She's sick."

Hot tears plunged down Bibs' cheeks. She hated men. She'd let Don come to the dance and ruin a perfect evening; she'd almost lost the Hi-Hideout for the gang; and now she was becoming involved in a lie!

The fellow stepped nearer to the car. "Well, in that case . . ."

"Yes!" Bibs blurted out suddenly as she jumped from the car and faced a gaping Don. "I'm sick, all right. I've been sick for the past three hours. But I'd be even sicker if I lost us the Hi-Hideout. I'm so sick I think I'll stay right here until my father comes for me." She whirled to the grinning grease monkey. "You have a phone, haven't you?"

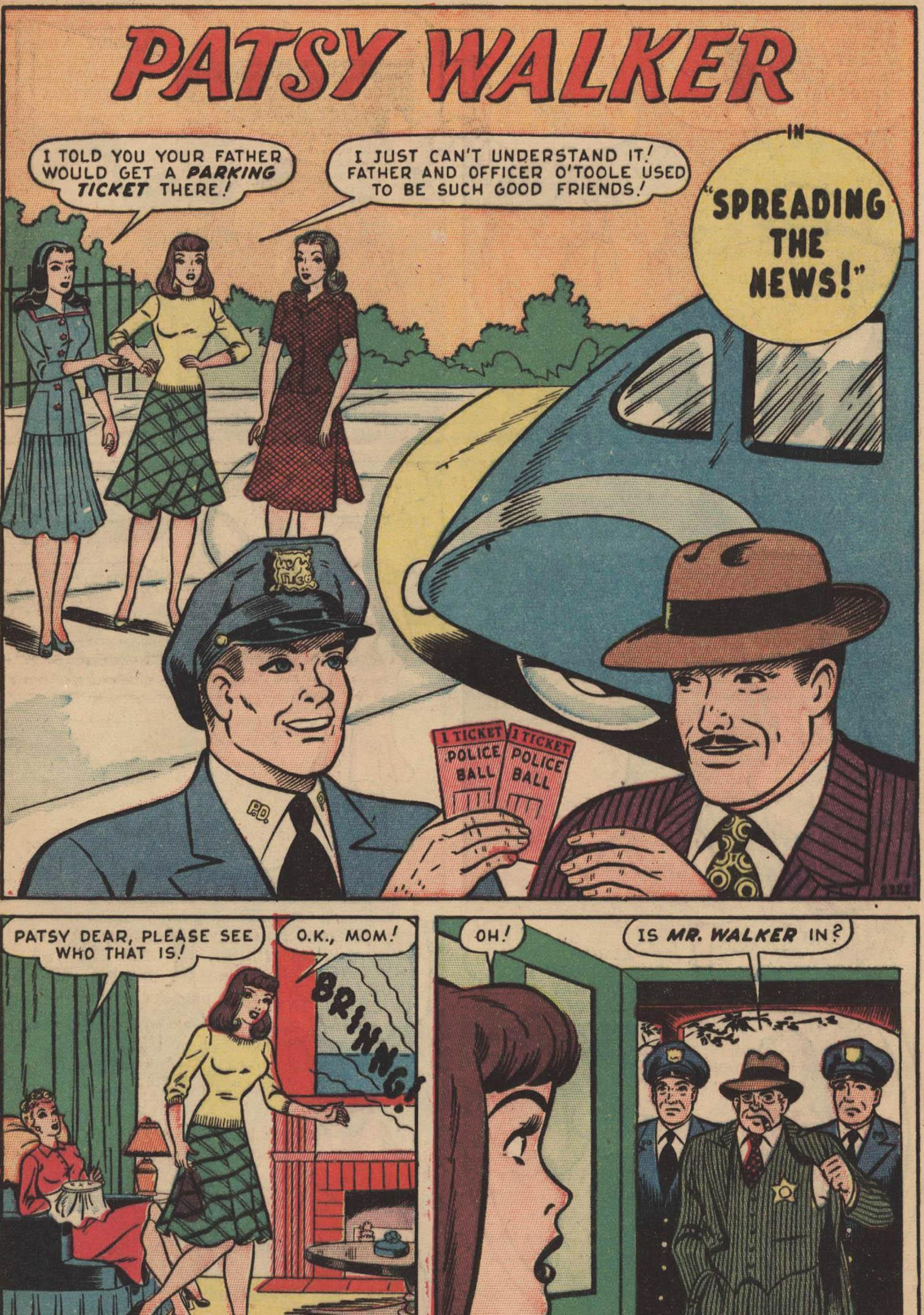
"Sure thing. Go right ahead." He held open the door of the station. "I'll call Mom down, and you and she can while away the time talking. I'll get back to the books." He yawned. "Eight o'clock quiz," he grimaced.

"You're a college man?" asked Bibs, not missing a single detail from his tousled blond hair to the too-square chin.

He nodded and grinned sheepishly. "Well, yeah. I've been a college man for all of two weeks. The new quarter's just begun. Know many of us?" He stood carelessly in the doorway and grinned down at her.

"Not yet," Bibs grinned back, "though I'm planning to—but soon!"

THE END


PATSY WALKER
IN
"SPREADING THE NEWS!"
I TOLD YOU YOUR FATHER WOULD GET A **PARKING TICKET** THERE!
I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! FATHER AND OFFICER O'TOOLE USED TO BE SUCH GOOD FRIENDS!
1 TICKET POLICE BALL
1 TICKET POLICE BALL
P.D.
PATSY DEAR, PLEASE SEE WHO THAT IS!
O.K., MOM!
BRINNG!
OH!
IS **MR. WALKER** IN?
1

SORRY TO BARGE IN, SIR, BUT WE'VE JUST ARRESTED A NASTY CHARACTER NAMED **GUY STANLEY**! I UNDERSTAND HE USED TO **WORK** FOR YOU!
YES, I ***FIRED*** HIM WHEN I DISCOVERED HIS DEALINGS WITH SEVERAL UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS!
WELL, WE'VE GOT HIM FOR BEATING AND STARVING HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN! WOULD YOU COME DOWN TO ***IDENTIFY*** HIM?
GLADLY! AND I BELIEVE I CAN GIVE YOU SOME MORE INTERESTING INFORMATION!
BUT, MOTHER, I MET MR. STANLEY AND HE SEEMED SO ***FRIENDLY***!
IT JUST GOES TO PROVE HOW TWO-FACED SOME PEOPLE CAN BE!
HMMM, WHAT'S THIS?
ALL RIGHT, ***LET'S GO***!
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
HELLO, PATSY, I SEE THEY'VE ***FINALLY*** CAUGHT UP WITH YOUR FATHER!
DON'T BE SILLY! HE MAY BE GOING TO JAIL, BUT NOT FOR ANY REASON THAT **YOU** THINK!
HELLO, MRS. PRUNELY! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING AND IT'S TRUE! MR. WALKER IS BEING TAKEN TO ***JAIL***!
OH MY LAND! I ***DID*** SEE THE POLICE, BUT I NEVER---

AND SO...
--AND THE POLICE HAD TO DRAG HIM OUT! HE FOUGHT LIKE A MADMAN!
OH, THOSE POOR CHILDREN!
YES, AND THAT SWEET MRS. WALKER!
SHHH! HERE COMES THE POOR GRIEF-STRICKEN WOMAN NOW!
OH, MY DEAR, WE HEARD ALL ABOUT IT! WAS HE REALLY BAD?
HUH? OH, YES! YOU MEAN THAT STANLEY CREATURE! HE WAS A BEAST! A WIFE CAN STAND JUST SO MUCH BUT BEING BEATEN AND STARVED--- WELL!
BUT ONLY YESTERDAY IT SEEMED LIKE ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!
THE MASQUERADE IS OVER! BOILING IN OIL IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM!
OH, THE POOR WOMAN! AND THOSE DARLING CHILDREN!
SHH! HERE COMES THE LITTLE GIRL! THAT DEAR SWEET PATSY!
YOUR MOTHER TOLD US THE WHOLE SORDID STORY! BUT REALLY, HE DIDN'T SEEM LIKE A BAD FATHER!
OH, YOU MEAN THAT MAN! I SHUDDER WHEN I THINK OF HIM! AFTER ALL, WHEN CHILDREN ARE HORSEWHIPPED DAILY, THEN THE MAN IS OBVIOUSLY A MONSTER!
3

BUT IT'S REALLY VERY KIND OF YOU LADIES TO BE SO CONCERNED ABOUT STRANGERS! 'BYE, NOW! I'VE GOT TO MEET THE GANG DOWN AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN!
WE'RE HARDLY STRANGERS! BESIDES, IF PEOPLE CAN'T TURN TO THEIR NEIGHBORS FOR HELP, THEN WHO CAN THEY TURN TO, I ALWAYS SAY!
I FEEL SO SORRY FOR THE POOR CHILD! HMMM, MY DAUGHTER WILL BE AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN!
POOR LITTLE PATSY! AND, OH, MY SON WILL BE THERE TOO! WE MUST GO THERE AT ONCE!
WE CAN'T LEAVE OUR CHILDREN TO MIX FREELY WITH-ER-UH, CHILDREN OF QUESTIONABLE CHARACTER!
YES, AFTER ALL, EVEN THOUGH I LIKE PATSY SHE DOES COME FROM A BAD FAMILY!
MEANWHILE...
HEDY WOLFE, YOU'RE LYING! MR. WALKER DID NOT GO TO JAIL!
I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
HEY! QUIET, YOU TWO! HERE COMES PATSY!
HI'YA, GANG! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOUTING ABOUT?
GO AHEAD, NANCY! ASK HER YOURSELF!
I WILL! PATSY, WHERE IS YOUR DAD NOW?
WHY, HE'S DOWN AT THE JAILHOUSE RIGHT NOW AND—
SEE! I TOLD YOU! HE'S IN JAIL! A COMMON CRIMINAL— A JAILBIRD!
4

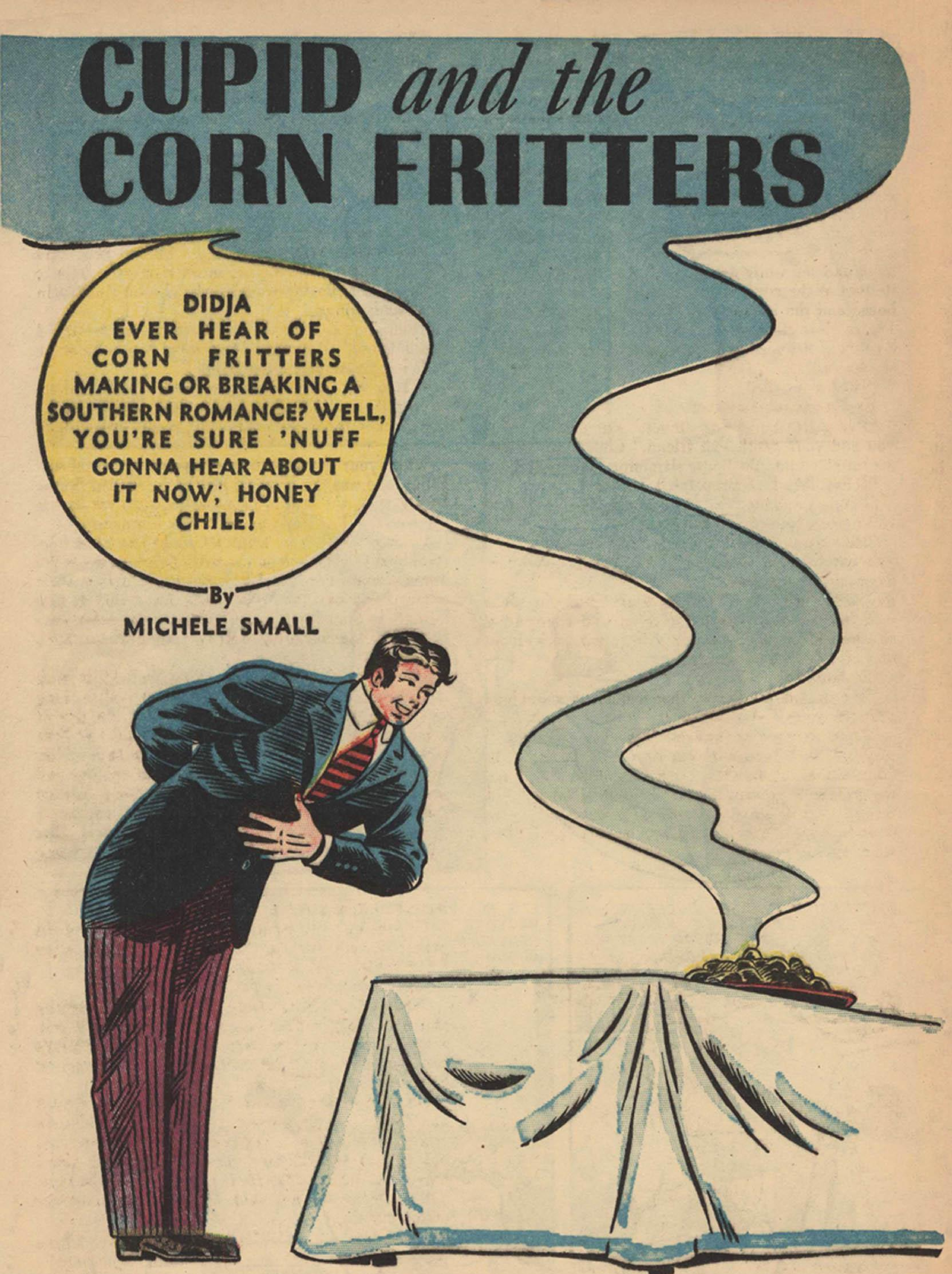
SAY, WHAT IS THIS? A JOKE OF SOME SORT? YOU'VE GOT THIS ALL WRONG!
I'M AFRAID NOT, MISS WALKER! COME, CLARA, YOU CAN'T STAY HERE!
MERVIN, YOU'RE COMING HOME IMMEDIATELY, TOO!
YES, MAMA!
O.K., MA!
DON'T WORRY, PATSY! I'M STILL WITH YOU!
ME TOO, PATSY!
BUT I TELL YOU, IT'S ALL A MISTAKE!
WE ALL OWE HEDY A DEBT OF GRATITUDE FOR EXPOSING THIS!
SO IT WAS YOU! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!
I WAS GLAD TO DO THE COMMUNITY A PUBLIC SERVICE!
ATTENTION PLEASE! BULLETIN! MR. STANLEY WALKER WAS PRAISED BY THE MAYOR TODAY FOR HIS HELP IN EXPOSING A RING OF CRIMINALS HEADED BY GUY STANLEY... MR. BLABLA...
?
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT, HEDY! IF YOU HADN'T SPREAD MALICIOUS GOSSIP, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...
BUT! BUT! BUT!
FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS!
WELL, AT LEAST I FOUND OUT WHO THEY ARE--- AND WHO MY REAL FRIENDS ARE!
THE END
5

CUPID *and the* CORN FRITTERS

DIDJA EVER HEAR OF CORN FRITTERS MAKING OR BREAKING A SOUTHERN ROMANCE? WELL, YOU'RE SURE 'NUFF GONNA HEAR ABOUT IT NOW, HONEY CHILE!

By

MICHELE SMALL



MR. ELLIS shipped his oars, and as the Daisy Belle lost weigh he tossed the makeshift anchor over the side. The little skiff joggled and swung her nose around pointing up the river. The freckled young lady dangling her feet over the stern looked up from her movie magazine to eye her surroundings with appreciation.

Upstream there were chortling rapids which laughed as they tossed the water high to catch and reflect the sun, now halfway down the sky to the west; but where the boat lay the river widened into a placid pool which mirrored the aged willows along the bank and the white and green house that stood with its toes at the edge of the water. That was Gramp's house and the broad veranda overhanging the river was so close at hand that Liz could almost count the flowers in the vase that her Grandmother was setting on the railing.

"Hi!" she called.

Her grandmother waved.

"I've got to be getting dinner," she shouted. "For you and your gentleman friend." Chuckling, grandma retreated into the house slamming the screen door.

"Daisy Belle!" Gramp fairly shrieked.

Grandma opened the screen door again and looked inquiringly toward her husband.

"How many times," he asked, "have I got to tell you not to slam that door? You'll scare the bass clean out of the river."

"Pooh," said Grandma. She slammed the door and, not satisfied, opened it again and slammed it twice as hard. A few minutes later she peeked out and blew a kiss to Gramp.

Liz laughed.

"It beats me how crazy that woman is about you after 40 years," she said.

"I got a way with women," Grandpa asserted. "I may not be a Tyroon Power or a Van Jackson like you read about in that movie magazine, but I got my points. I got faults, too. I waste a lot of time fishing and I leave my things around for your Grandmother to pick up. But she doesn't mind. She's stuck on me."

"Why Gramps! You immodest old thing."

"Keeping a woman stuck on you steady for 40 years isn't easy," Gramp said hastily. "Love calls for sacrifices and suffering, and believe me, child, I've made plenty of the former and done plenty of the latter."

Liz studied her grandfather as he jointed his favorite bass rod. If ever Gramp gives up farming, she thought, he could get a job as stand-in for Santa Claus.

Gramp was a dumpling of a man with a great mop of snowy hair and a pair of the kindest blue eyes ever seen. His face was as unworried as a baby's, while his complexion would make Helena Rubinstein turn handsprings.

"You don't look to me like a man who's sacrificed and suffered," Liz said. "You look positively smug with happiness and good living."

"That's all you know about it. If you understood the sacrifices I've laid on love's altar, the pangs . . . but perhaps you'd like me to start at the beginning?"

* * *

When your grandmother was your age (said Mr. Ellis), she was the prettiest girl in the United States. In my eyes, she still is because I always see her as she was the day I met her down in Chattanooga.

I don't recall now what fortunate circumstances combined to place me on the front porch of the Hotel Tennessee at exactly 4:32 on the brisk, sunny afternoon of October 16, 1906. I only know that at that minute on that day I looked up from the newspaper I was reading to be stunned by your grandmother's beauty.

She was tripping along the sidewalk, holding aloft a pink parasol in one tiny hand while the other clung to a leash attached to a mastiff almost the size of a horse. The animal, straining, quickened her little feet which peeped in and out under the hem of her skirt like rabbits. I caught a glimpse of red lips and raven hair and—my heart stood still—a pair of velvet eyes as they flashed briefly toward me. I thought that those eyes contained an appeal, that possibly she needed assistance with her massive dog and I started to rise from my chair.

A Southern gentleman seated next to me laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"I wouldn't do that, suh," he said, "without proper introduction to the lady, particularly since I can see you are a Yankee, suh."

"May I inquire as to the lady's name?"

"That, suh, is Miss Daisy Belle Mitchell, daughter of our leading banker, Colonel Beauregard Mitchell, who served the Confederacy with Jeb Stuart's cavalry. It wouldn't be healthy for you to speak to her, suh, being a Yankee."

Glancing down the street, I saw that the mastiff had dragged its gorgeous mistress from the sidewalk and was barking at a cat perched on a lower limb.

I disregarded the warning I had received and I hurried down the sidewalk and approached the lady.

I tipped my hat and said, "May I be of assistance with your dog?"

"Suh," she replied coldly, "I do not believe I have the pleasure of your acquaintance but, judging by your accent, I take you to be a Yankee. I would deem it a courtesy if you would retire and let the South handle its own affairs."

"But Daisy Belle," I protested, "I . . ."

She swayed, as if about to swoon.

"This is too much," she said. "Accosted in broad daylight on the streets of Chattanooga by an utter stranger. Will no one rid me of these unwelcome attentions?"

She swayed again and I put out my hand to steady her lest she fall. At that instant her giant dog attacked me.

When I revived I was outstretched with my head pillowed in her lap and the lovely velvet eyes were gazing anxiously down into my face.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Hyacinth bit you on the . . . er . . . lower limb," she replied blushing. "Can you ever forgive me?" She laid her palm on my forehead and Hyacinth licked my face.

She was tripping along the sidewalk, holding aloft a pink parasol in one tiny hand while the other clung to a leash attached to a mastiff almost the size of a horse.

"Forgive you?" I asked, "forgive you? Why, Miss Mitchell, it was an honor to be bitten by your little pet. An honor, Miss Mitchell."

"Call me Daisy Belle, Mr. . . .?"

"Ellis," I said, "Culpepper Ellis."

"Culpepper!" she cried, "why, that's a Southern name and little old me thinking you a Yankee!"

"But I am a Yankee," I said, "with Southern leanings —toward you."

I escorted her and Hyacinth to their home, a fine old mansion with a broad porch on which we sat chatting for a few moments. Daisy Belle told me that she was 16 and, since the passing of her mother a few years earlier, that she had kept house for her father, the Colonel.

"Of course," she said, "Birdseye helps with the housekeeping and the cleaning and the laundry and the cooking, but I am really in charge. I most dearly love to cook. Do you like Southern cooking, Culpepper?"

"I most certainly do, Daisy Belle."

"Then," she cried, "you must come to dinner tonight and I will make you some of my corn fritters with my own hands. You will love my corn fritters. I do them best of all."

"I've heard you Southern girls were wonderful cooks and I wouldn't miss dinner for anything," I accepted.

Colonel Mitchell was everything that I'd expected in a gentleman of the Old South. He was gracious, witty and an able story teller, fond of recounting episodes in the career of his leader and hero, Jeb Stuart.

"'Nother time when we were runnin' the Yankees out of the South," he was saying when Birdseye came in.

"Eatments is on," said Birdseye.

"Fritters?" asked the Colonel anxiously.

"Yassuh," Birdseye said. "I tried to talk her out of it but I couldn't."

"Oh, well," said the Colonel. "A man can only die once. Come, my boy." With that he led me into the fine old dining room with its table decked with snowy napery, gleaming silver, and tall candlesticks. Set in its center was a huge platter heaped high with golden brown corn fritters that set my mouth to watering.

The Colonel waved at them.

"My daughter's specialty," he said and Daisy Belle, just entering through the pantry door, blushed modestly.

There was terrapin soup and fried chicken and candied yams, a feast beyond perfection. And corn fritters. "Have you ever eaten an old glove, Liz? Or a bit of worn carpet sugared with cement?"

My first thought when I took a bite of my fritter was that I had been poisoned. It flashed through my mind that perhaps behind the beauty of Daisy Belle and the courtly graciousness of the Colonel there lurked an unquenched hatred for the North and that they had invited me into their home to rid the world of another Yankee.

I glanced toward Daisy Belle and found such a look of hopeful expectancy on her face as can be found only on the faces of women the world over who are waiting for their cookery to be praised. On the Colonel's face was an expression of the deepest commiseration. Then I understood. He, too, suffered—and obviously had been suffering for years.

"Aren't they just scrumptious, Culpepper?" Daisy Belle asked.

"I've never tasted anything like them," I replied truthfully. "Have you Colonel?"

"Never, Suh," said the Colonel, "and may I add, son, that you comport yourself in the true traditions of the Southern gentleman's code?"

All the time he was talking I kept thinking to myself, is she worth it? Can you stand a lifetime of these corn fritters, Culpepper? But look at the brighter side. Will you give up this glorious creature simply because she makes very bad corn fritters? Indigestible corn fritters? A thousand times, no. You can break her of making corn fritters, Culpepper. Drug addicts can be cured. Drunkards can be made into teetotallers. Don't you think that love will help her rid herself of this mania?

If you had seen your grandmother that night, Liz, with the candlelight gleaming on her shoulders and the brightness of young beauty illuminating her face, you'd understand why I decided that in sickness or in health, for better or for fritters, she was the answer to my dreams. So I waded through eight fritters at dinner, exclaiming with feigned ecstasy over their heart-warming tastiness. I was a relieved man when, at long last, we left the table to retire to the living room.

Daisy Belle played the melodeon while I turned the pages of her music and enjoyed myself until a belated guest arrived. This was Mr. Gideon Munn, a young man of about my own age, who was greeted most familiarly by my hostess who called him "Giddy, honey," a form of address which, with the fritters I had eaten, made me feel nauseous. I sensed at once that if I had a rival it was this Mr. Munn. The suspicion was substantiated when the hypocrite cried, "Daisy Belle, sugar, I do hope you have some of your corn fritters left over from dinner. All the way over here tonight I was thinking to myself that I'd like nothing better than a mess of your corn fritters." He looked at me smilingly and added, "Perhaps our Northern friend would care to join me?"

Daisy Belle was, of course, delighted to supply Giddy, honey, with corn fritters, and the rascal sat there all evening munching away—forcing me, out of pride and anxiety for Daisy Belle's approbation, to keep pace.

For the next three weeks I was a constant caller at the Mitchell home, as was Mr. Gideon Munn who always clamored, the moment he set his foot inside the door, for corn fritters of which, by now, I was heartily sick. He was a brave enemy, to give him his due, and I've always been a little ashamed of how I finally eliminated him as a rival.

One night as we were leaving Daisy Belle's home—neither of us would permit the other to outstay him—he remarked, "I suppose you will take advantage of my absence for the next few days?"

"Going away?" I asked and added, "that's too bad. I was beginning to like you."

"Yes," he said, "I'll be gone for several days—on business. Extend my regrets to Daisy Belle, will you?"

That night I wrestled with my conscience. Should I tell a fib to cement my standing with Daisy Belle, or should I be truthful and possibly lose out? You can guess what I decided. All's fair in love and war, and so the next night I said to your Grandmother, "Too bad about Gideon."

"What's too bad about Gideon?" she asked. "And where is he?"

"Why," I said, crossing my fingers, "I thought he'd told you. He is not well and has gone away for treatment. Stomach trouble, I believe."

I could just see Daisy Belle's turning it over behind her beautiful forehead.

"Something he ate?" she asked at last.

"Gideon said something about fritters," I muttered. "He needs a long rest from them his doctor said."

"I hate men," Daisy Belle blurted and ran wailing from the room.

For several days she wouldn't see me. She'd send word to the door by Birdseye that she was indisposed and was through with men anyway. I'd send back word that I was sorry she didn't feel well but that I didn't either. I said I missed her and her wonderful corn fritters. That finally got her.

And those (said Mr. Ellis to Liz) are some of the sacrifices and sufferings I spoke about earlier.

* * * * *

It turned out that I really didn't fib about Gideon Munn either. That business trip he said he was going on was really to cover up a stay in the hospital for a bad stomach condition.

Liz crossed her feet under her and looked at her grandfather scornfully.

"Except for eating a few corn fritters 40 years ago and getting bitten by a dog, I don't see where you've suffered or sacrificed," she said.

"Look, Liz. Remember I said earlier that I knew alcoholics and drug addicts could be cured, and I said I thought that maybe Daisy Belle could be cured of making corn fritters?"

"Yes," Liz admitted. "Yes, you said that."

"Well," added Gramp, "I was wrong. Corn fritter cookers can't be reformed. I've had corn fritters morning, noon and night for 40 years, and I've had to pretend to like them."

"Golly," said Liz. "Poor Gramp!"

"But it was worth it," said Gramp. "Look what I got for those sacrifices I made." He waved toward his wife who had come out on the porch again. Liz nodded agreement.

"She is wonderful, Gramp."

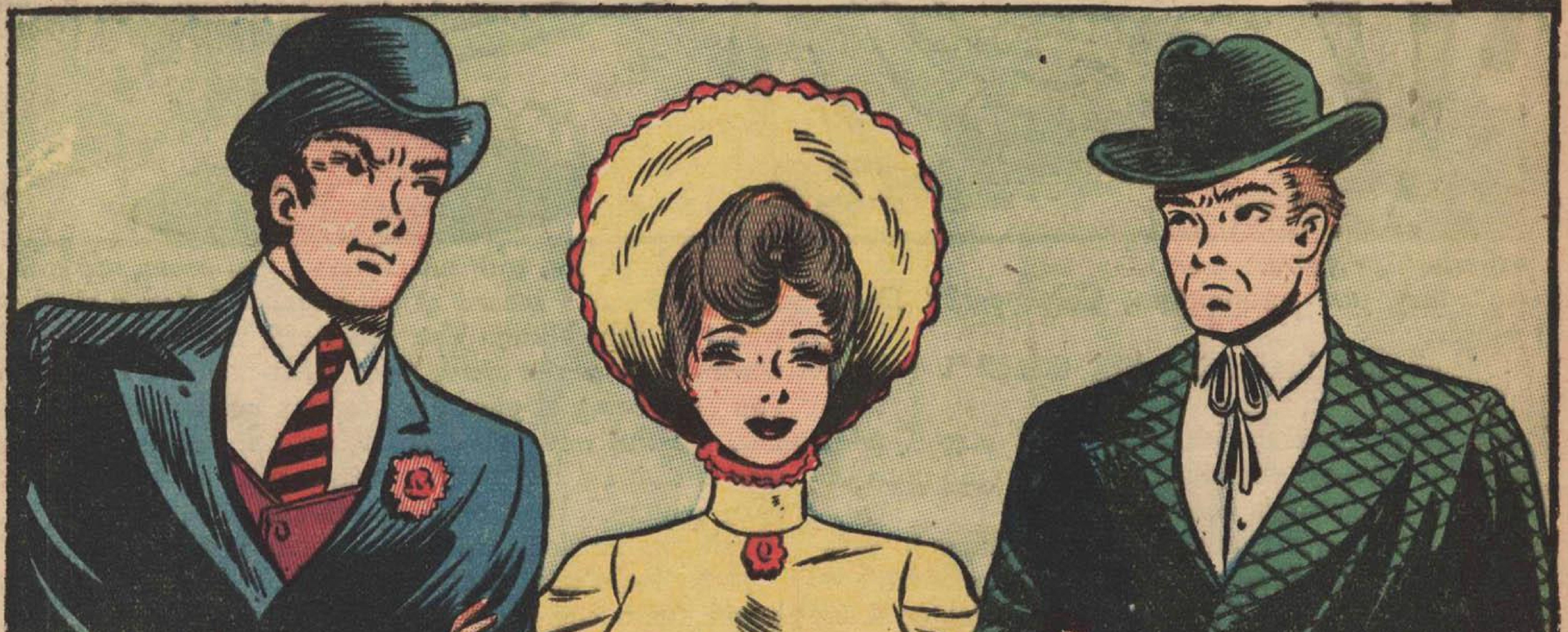
"Supper's on," Grandma shouted.

"Coming, Daisy Belle."

"And," yelled Grandma, "your favorite dish, too, Culpepper. Corn fritters, Southern style."

Liz nearly fell out of the boat from laughing.

THE END



He was a brave enemy and I've always been a little ashamed of how I finally eliminated him as a rival.

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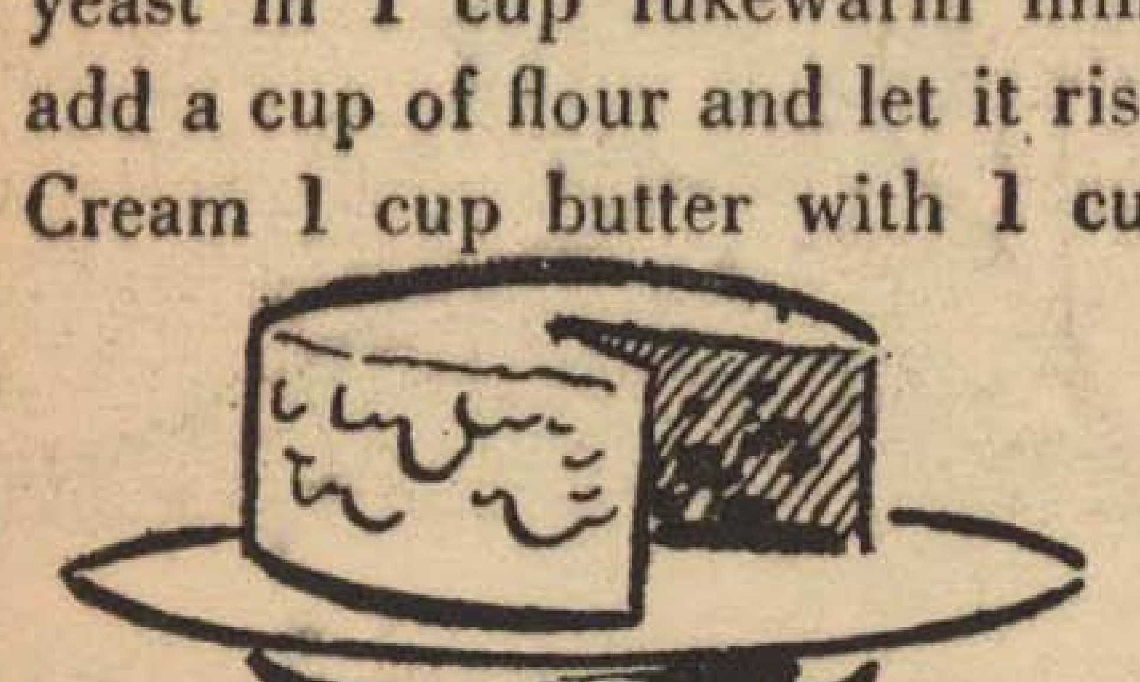
FOOD FOR FUN

CAKE CRUNCH . . .

We usually think of German or Swedish coffee cake—but there is a delicious French version that may not be as familiar to you. It is usually called "Savarin."

Dissolve 2 ounces compressed yeast in 1 cup lukewarm milk, add a cup of flour and let it rise. Cream 1 cup butter with 1 cup sugar. Add 3 whole eggs, one at a time, and the yolks of 2 more eggs. Now stir in the grated rind of 1 lemon, some salt and the yeast mixture. Add 3 cups of flour and 2 egg whites, beaten stiff.



Beat until the mixture is smooth and very light. Butter 2 ring forms, sprinkle inside with chopped almonds and partly fill with dough. Let rise nearly to the top of the forms and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven—the first 15 minutes at 375 degrees and the last 15 at 350 degrees.

Turn cakes out of forms. Boil a cup of sugar with ½ cup of water until thick. Pour syrup into the empty forms, return the cakes to the forms, and let stand until the cakes absorb the syrup.

Just one more sign that the French are the world's champ cooks!

PLUM PRIZE . . .

Let's take a hint from the English today, and make some plum dumplings.

Boil 5 medium potatoes and rice them as soon as they are done. Add to them 2 cups flour, ½ cup crumbled dry bread, 1 egg and a dash of salt. Work the paste smooth and then roll it out to quarter-inch thickness. Cut the dough into three-inch squares.

In the center of each square, put a pitted prune or plum, sprinkled with a bit of sugar and cinnamon. Cover the fruit completely with the dough and roll it into balls with your hands. Drop these balls in boiling water and cook until they rise to the surface and stay there. Take them quickly from the water and drain them, so that they will not be soggy.

Brown a cupful of dried bread crumbs in butter and when they are crisp, sprinkle them over the dumplings.

Taste a mite. They're plum' **delightful!**

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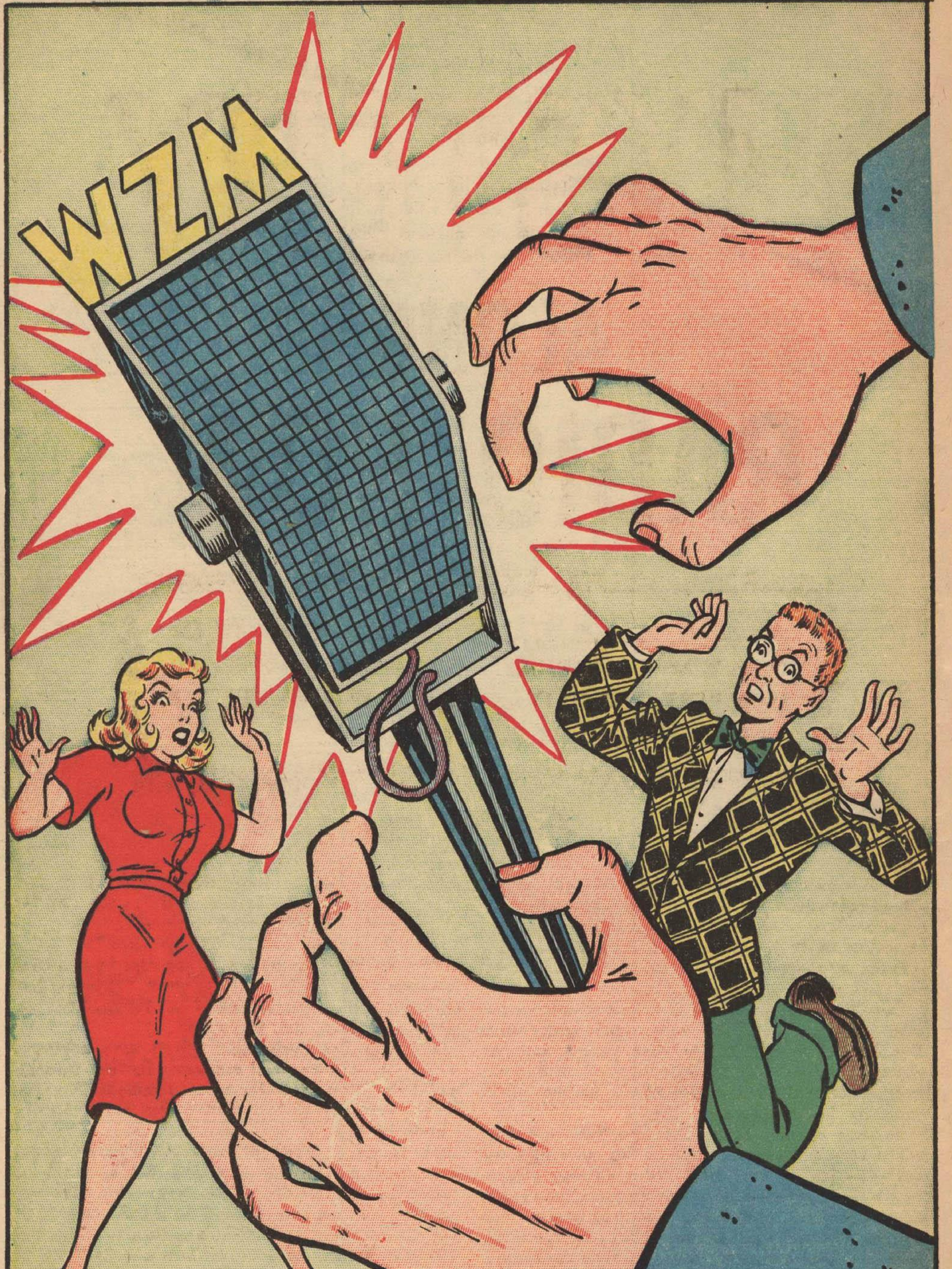


MYSTERY ALONG RADIO ROW

WHEN A SCREEN STAR VANISHES IN A NET OF DEEP, DARK INTRIGUE, THE SAFEST THING TO DO IS FORGET ABOUT IT . . . BUT FLIP AND DEE DEE DIDN'T PLAY IT SAFE!

By
SALLY MIRLISS

THE hands of the clock edged their way to the eleventh hour. In the dimness of the studio only the chromium plated mechanisms of radio—mikes, turntables, controls—gave a bright unnatural light. And the only sound was the regular click-clicking of the clock as each split second moved slowly on.

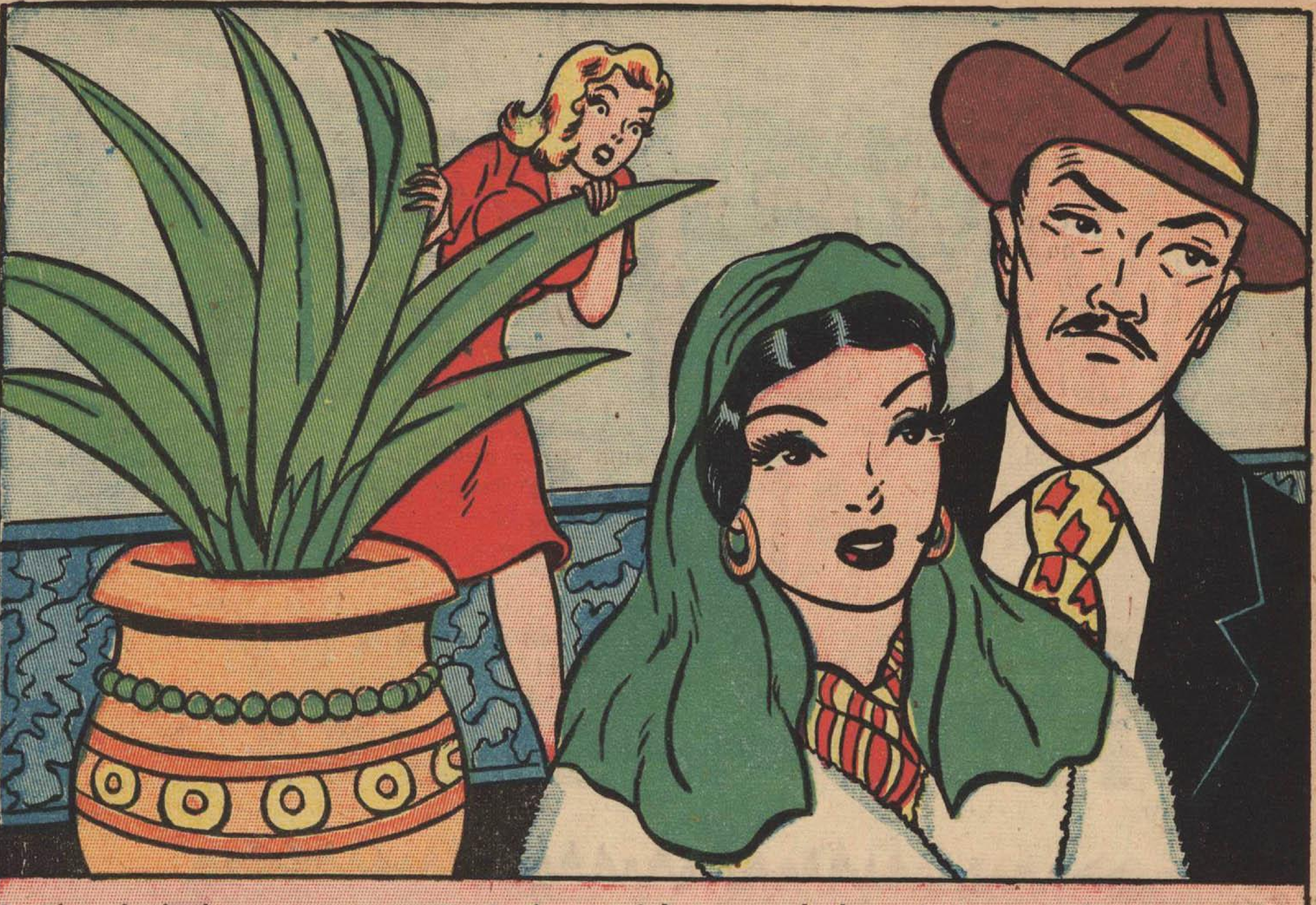
Dee Dee Clark and Flip Mallory sat silently by the table in the middle of the room, watching the time. Dee Dee's plump little lips were pursed and her plump little body was stiff with anger. Nobody—not even Academy Award winner Mavis Archer—could stand up Dolores Clark.

Besides—blonde, fierce Dee Dee had only just talked herself into a job as Saturday morning teenage newscaster of the local radio station. Mavis Archer, in Hightstown as one of the stops on a coast-to-coast personal appearance tour, had promised to help her start the show off with a bang by appearing for a live interview on her first broadcast the coming Saturday. And Dee Dee had practically torn the studio apart getting permission for a rehearsal this late on Friday night. The studio ordinarily went off the air at 5:00. But Miss Archer couldn't make it at any other time—and Miss Archer, well . . . she was the biggest name in Hollywood, that's all!

"Aw, fudge," said Flip, "let's go home."

"Never." Dee Dee perked up her nose in what she considered the perfect radio manner. "And let that hey-day harrigan get the best of us? Never. After all, we're celebrities, too, you know"

Flip was Dee Dee's sound effects man, engineer, announcer and personal manager. But not through any doing of his own. For when it came to Dee Dee, lanky, near-sighted, tow-headed Flip just naturally blundered right along behind her. Sure, Flip had once mentioned kind of casual-like that he might want to be an engineer some day. But, as usual, he hadn't counted on Dee Dee's imagination. She was all fired with the idea. "You'll be a *radio* engineer," she had decided. "And I'll be a radio star." And that was that. What's more, before he'd even had time to so much as hrrrmph, Dee Dee had made all the arrangements for this program, and here they were . . . in a fudge of a mess if he ever saw one.



Besides, she had that crazy sensation in the pit of her stomach that *told* her something was wrong.

Dee Dee had that look in her eyes again, and, with sinking heart, Flip knew that she had another idea.

"I'm going to her hotel." Dee Dee beckoned imperiously. "Are you coming?" And then, sugar sweetly, "Or would you prefer to go home to bed?"

Flip shrugged his shoulders. What could he do?

* * * * *

. . . The hotel clerk eyed the pair suspiciously. "Miss Archer checked out three hours ago," he informed them, coolly.

"But she had an appointment . . ." Dee Dee started to say, when the clerk brashly waved them off, turning to a couple who had just come in.

Flip was already on his way out, but Dee Dee ran back and hid behind one of the fake palm trees. There was something about that couple . . .

". . . Miss Archer is feeling better, I hope . . ." she heard the clerk say, as he handed over a key.

". . . No publicity," the man said, ". . . you understand . . ."

". . . Yes, of course, Doctor . . ."

So that was it! Miss Archer was ill! This was her doctor—and probably a relative with him. But why were their faces so familiar? Dee Dee couldn't help feeling that something was wrong. Besides, she had that crazy sensation in the pit of her stomach that *told* her something was wrong.

She whizzed outside to get Flip. "You tip over the sand buckets—the ones for cigarettes—or some trees, or something," she explained hurriedly, "anything to attract that jail-keeper's attention, while I look over the register to find out what room Miss Archer had."

"But why?"

"Never mind the questions, for pete's sake, Flip." Dee Dee was up in arms. "Don't you know when there's a crisis?"

Back in the lobby, Flip carried out his part of the plan to perfection—starting with a minor holocaust and ending with some major destruction. But it served its purpose. The clerk ran shrieking after Flip, while Dee Dee innocently thumbed her way through the register.

There it was, in Miss Archer's own writing. Dee Dee knew it by the autographed picture sent from the star's publicity offices when she had made the arrangements for the interview . . . Room 207 . . .

The number in hand, Dee Dee went to Flip's rescue by ringing the clerk's buzzer. Back he came and out she fled.

Together they crept around to the back of the hotel. Dee Dee started up the fire escape.

Flip was panting. "But why do we have to climb up on the terrace? Why can't we go in the front door like plain, ordinary human beings?"

"Because we're detecting—and no detectives ever walk in a front door to be mowed down like . . . like wooden ducks or something!" Dee Dee put a finger to her mouth. "Shhh. They'll hear us."

"Who'll hear us?"

But Dee Dee already was looking through the curtained windows—and, more important, listening. As she had suspected, the couple from below were now ensconced in Miss Archer's suite—and arguing like she and Flip usually did, only worse.

The woman was walking nervously back and forth. "You can't do it. After all, a sanitarium! She's got friends, you know."

"Shut up. You'll get your five thousand. What're you gripin' about? You ain't made so much dough since movies began to talk."

"It ain't the dough—it's just that . . . *a rest home!*"

Dee Dee gasped. Miss Archer had been committed to a sanitarium—probably the one just outside of Hightstown. And she recognized the couple now. They were former stars of the silent films!

Just then Flip shrieked. Dee Dee turned in time to see a railing give way and Flip toppling over the edge. Luckily, he managed to catch onto the bottom of the balcony, and was clinging there now by the tips of his fingers.

The couple rushed out and helped Dee Dee pull him back up—but only to whisk the two of them quickly into the suite.

They shoved them brusquely onto a sofa. "How much did you hear?" the man asked, then changed his mind. "We'll have to tie them up for the time being," he nodded to the woman, "see if you can find some rope and gags."

The woman went into the other room.

Flip was still a little dazed from his fall, but for the first time all night his mind was working in apple-pie order. They were in trouble, serious trouble. He stole a glance at Dee Dee who seemed frightened and much more feminine all of a sudden. He still didn't understand what it was all about—but Dee Dee was his girl, and even though she sometimes acted like a suffragette on parade, girls had to be protected.

Flip edged his way over to the corner of the sofa. He had his eye on a lamp, big, heavy—an ideal weapon. The woman was calling from the other room, and as the man turned his back, Flip went into action. Over with the lamp, bang with the table, and crash on his head with a book-stand. Then he grabbed Dee Dee's hand—and they ran.

"Where we going? The police?" Dee Dee's voice shook.

"No sirreee. We're goin' home—for our bikes!"

This was a new Flip. But Dee Dee blessed him silently. It certainly felt good to be the protected female for a change.

Flip explained in short breaths as they ran. "The police would never believe our story because we have no evidence. Right? So we've got to get out to that asylum and rescue Miss Archer ourselves. Right? And the best way to do it is to ride down on our bikes. Right?"

"Right," Dee Dee seconded.

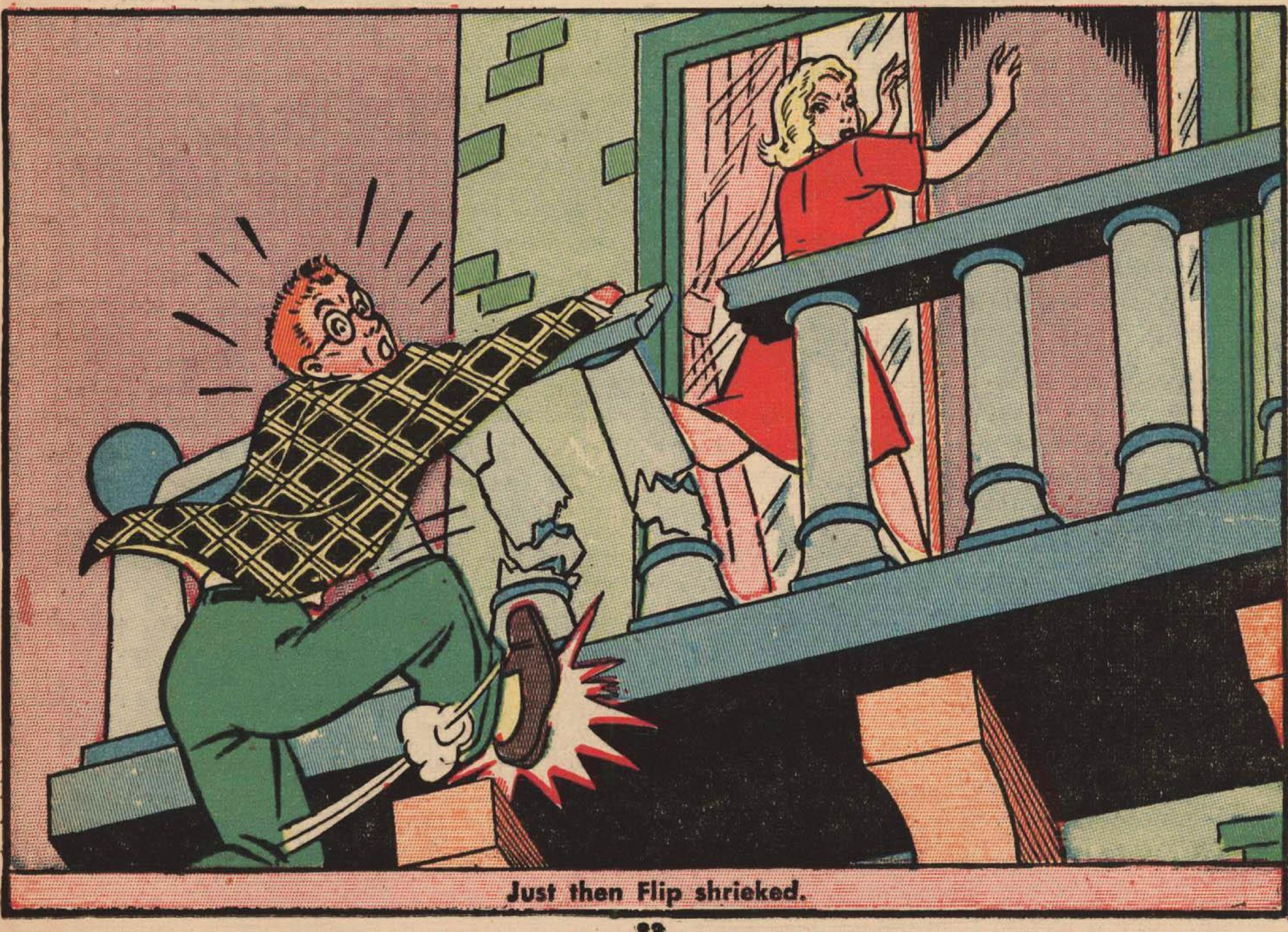
. . . The cold wind whistled in their ears as they sped along the highway to the asylum.

"What I don't understand," Dee Dee was saying, "is why. Why would anybody want to put Mavis Archer in a sanitarium?"

"That's just what we're going to find out—from Miss Archer herself." The new Flip sounded certain of the outcome.

"But how are we going to get to her?"

"By being sweet and simple—like we are." He



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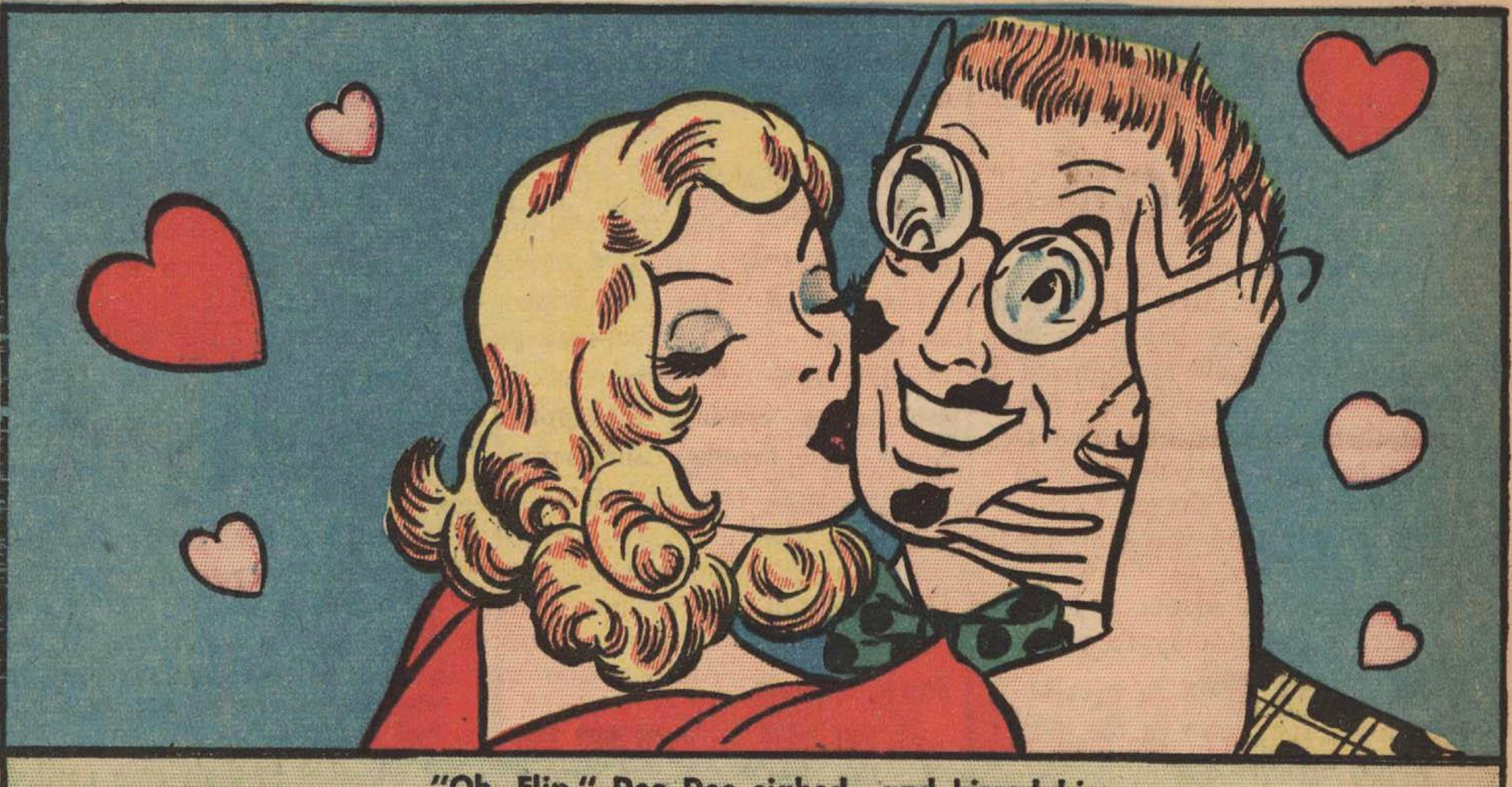

"Oh, Flip," Dee Dee sighed,—and kissed him.

whistled gaily. "We, my pet, are going to pose as Miss Archer's children!"

. . . The ruse was not as simple as it sounded. For one thing, the supervisor of the sanitarium apparently also was in on the scheme. He acted kind enough when they first spoke to him, but excused himself shortly to make a phone call, and when he came back—there was an attendant behind him!

"I am sorry this had to happen," he waved a polite hand. "But my friends at the hotel tell me you two also paid them a little visit earlier this evening. That won't do, you know. It just won't do." Another wave of the hand, and the attendant was clutching them by the scruff of their necks.

The long, musty corridor down which they were pulled, smelled rancid and unwashed. Every now and then a scream pierced the air, or an insane high-pitched laugh. Flip held onto Dee Dee's hand reassuringly. "We'll get out . . . somehow!" he whispered.

The attendant carefully opened a high-vaulted, medieval-looking door, and just as carefully put back the key in his jacket pocket. Flip whispered, "Watch." At that, he threw a fit: screaming, crying, biting—like a truly insane person. He scratched the attendant, bit his arm, yelled.

The attendant socked him in the jaw. And Flip fainted.

When he came to, Dee Dee was leaning over him and a glamorous-looking woman was caressing his forehead. Deep shadows lined the room that looked more like a jail cell than a place for the ill.

Fully aroused, he jumped to his feet. "Quick," he said, "there's no time to lose." He produced the key. "This little gadget was the reason for that scene."

"Oh, Flip," Dee Dee sighed,—and kissed him.

"The loving will have to wait." He turned to Miss Archer. "Have you ever ridden a bicycle?"

"A what?"

"Never mind, never mind. Whether or no—you're going to have to learn. In a hurry!"

. . . Riding back, with Dee Dee on the handlebars of Flip's bike, and Miss Archer struggling along on the other, the famous movie star explained, "I received word last night that I had just been awarded the lead role in Marvel's five-million-dollar production of 'Forever Flora'. June Kroft . . ."

"You mean the one whom everybody says is on her way out?" Dee Dee interrupted.

"Yes. She was determined to get that role. Besides, she's had a grudge against me ever since I made such a hit in her last starring picture." Mavis Archer spoke bitterly. "This is her doing. The two people you saw in the hotel were hired to act as my family doctor and my aunt. She wanted me out of the way until she had time to manoeuver the contract for herself."

"And the head of the sanitarium?"

"He was also paid a tidy little sum."

Flip spoke up. And this time, Dee Dee could see that *he* had an idea. "What do you say to exposing them on the air? It's almost morning now, and the show goes on at 10:00. You'll appear as scheduled with Dee Dee—and tell the whole story!"

It was Dee Dee's turn to fall now—right off the bike and into the grass at the side of the road.

But Flip stood pat, beckoning imperiously. "As your sound effects man, engineer, announcer and personal manager, I think there's been quite enough of feminine foolery."

Dee Dee gasped. Then she winked broadly. "When you say that, smile—*pardnah!*"

THE END

FOOD FOR FUN

SYRIAN SPECIAL . . .

Want to be exotic? Try Syrian "kibbi".

First of all, soak a cupful of crushed wheat in cold water for 20 minutes. Drain it, squeeze it dry and let it stay in the icebox for about one hour.

Ground twice 1 pound of lean lamb and then grind it once more with 1 medium onion. Chop another onion and saute it in a couple of tablespoons of butter until golden brown and mix in ¼ cup of pine nuts. Now add the lamb and onion mixture. Stir well, and then set aside to cool a bit. Grind another pound of lean AND FAT lamb once, and mix this with the prepared crushed wheat. Knead quickly and season with salt and pepper. Then divide into two parts.

Spread one part on the bottom of a well-buttered casserole, spread the ground meat and onion mixture over this layer, and top with the remaining meat and wheat. Press down to pack tightly. Cut wedges with a sharp knife, running knife around the sides of the casserole. Dot the top with butter and bake in a moderate oven for a little less than an hour. Serve the wedge-shaped pieces on mounds of fluffy steamed rice.

It takes time to prepare, but see if your taste doesn't tell you it's worth it!

BEEF BONANZA . . .

Dried beef may sound dull, but try it with curry—and see what happens!

Heat to simmering 2 cups of medium cream sauce and add to it about 4 ounces of dried beef. Stir in well. Now add 1 to 2 teaspoons curry powder—depending on how you like curry—and 2 tablespoons crushed pineapple. Blend well together and serve with steamed rice and broiled bananas.

And you'll find that you have a beef bonanza!

SCOTCH SENSE . . .

If you want to know one reason why the Scotch are such a sturdy race, make yourself some real, honest-to-goodness Scotch broth and see how heart-warming it is.

First soak 1 cup whole dried peas overnight in water. In the morning put into a large kettle about 3 pounds of any inexpensive cut of beef and a good bundle of soup bones. (Have the butcher crack these for you to release the marrow.) Add 6 quarts of water and bring to a boil.

While this is going on, wash and cut up 3 large carrots, a very small head of cabbage, 2 or 3 onions, 3 medium turnips, 3 medium potatoes—more if you wish—and when the water boils, add them to the kettle. Toss in an herb fagot and add the soaked and drained peas, a cup of large washed barley and plenty of salt and pepper.

Reduce the heat, once the liquid has resumed boiling hard, and let the whole brew simmer for four to five hours, watching that the water does not get too low. Let cool and reheat just before serving. Remove the bones, of course, but leave the meat in, cutting it in slivers.

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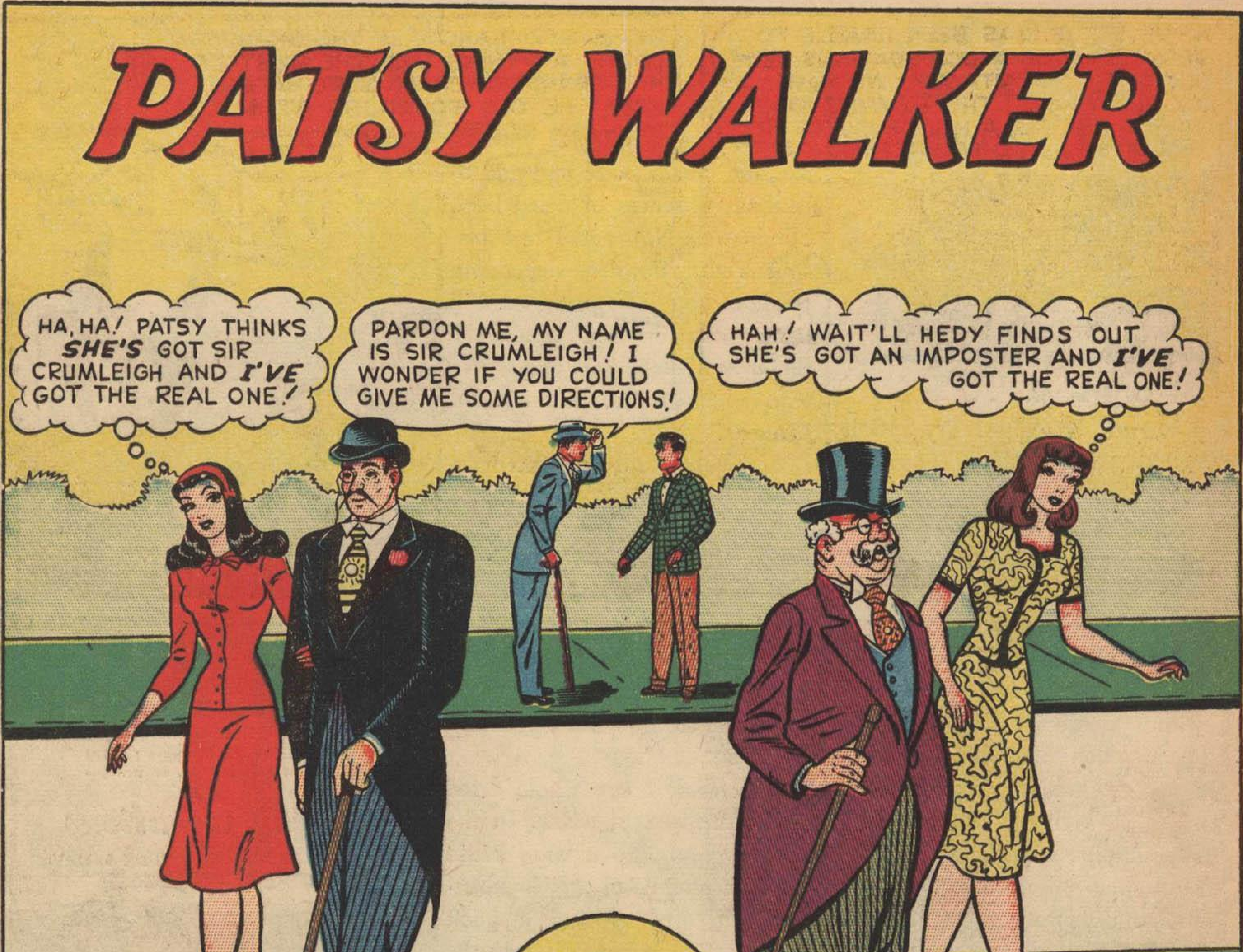
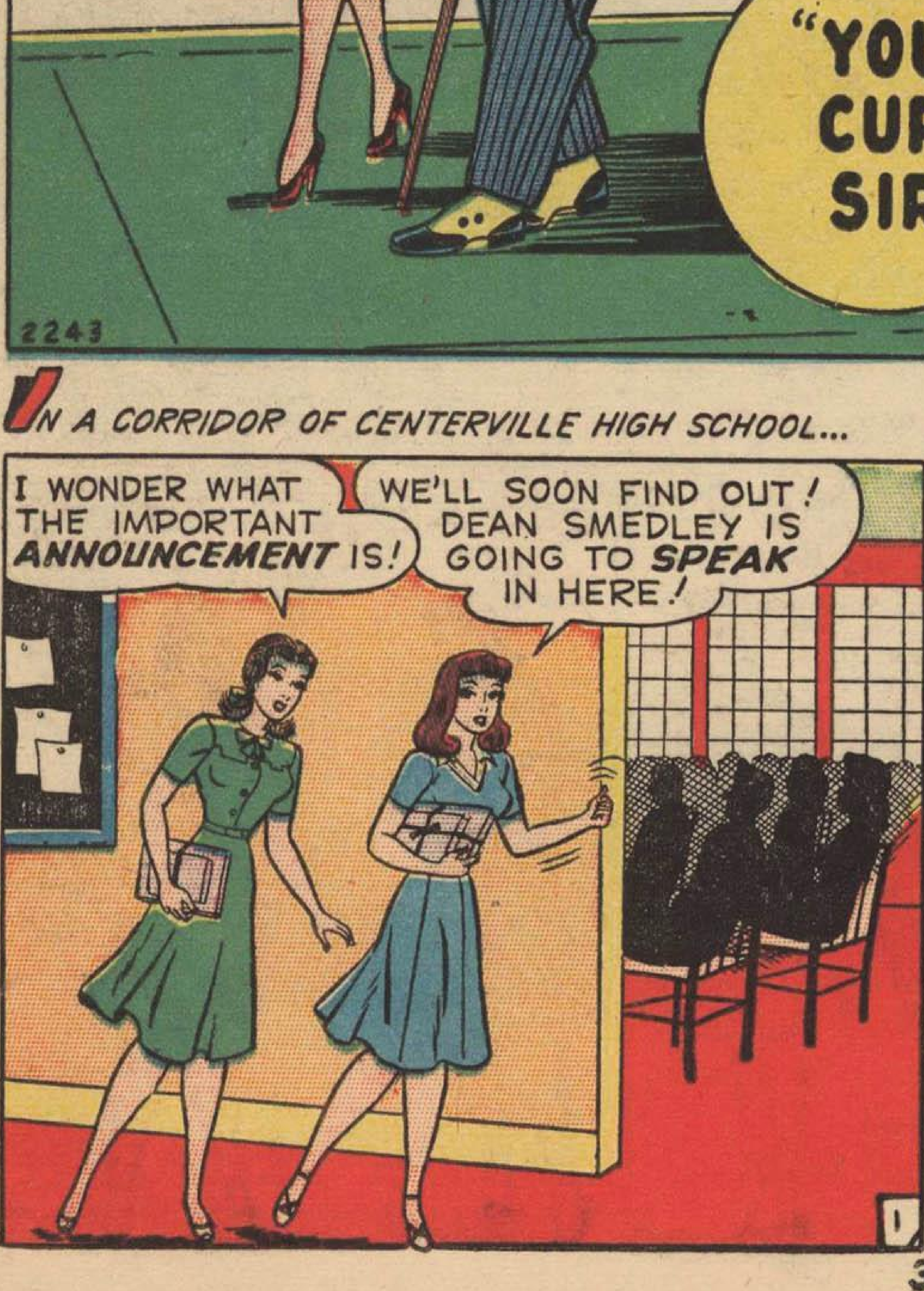

HA, HA! PATSY THINKS *SHE'S* GOT SIR CRUMLEIGH AND *I'VE* GOT THE REAL ONE!
PARDON ME, MY NAME IS SIR CRUMLEIGH! I WONDER IF YOU COULD GIVE ME SOME DIRECTIONS!
HAH! WAIT'LL HEDY FINDS OUT SHE'S GOT AN IMPOSTER AND *I'VE* GOT THE REAL ONE!
"YOU CUR, SIR!"
2243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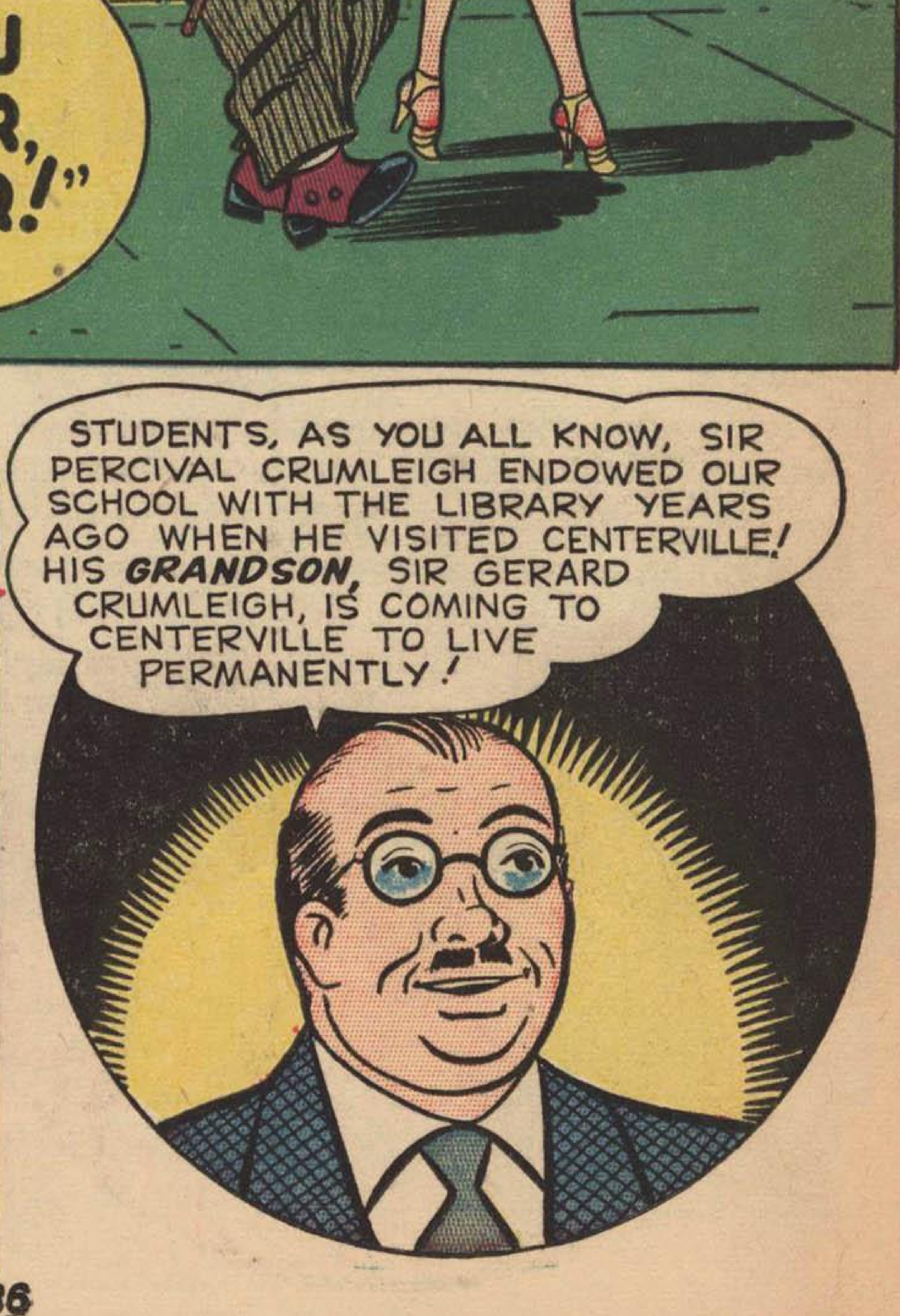
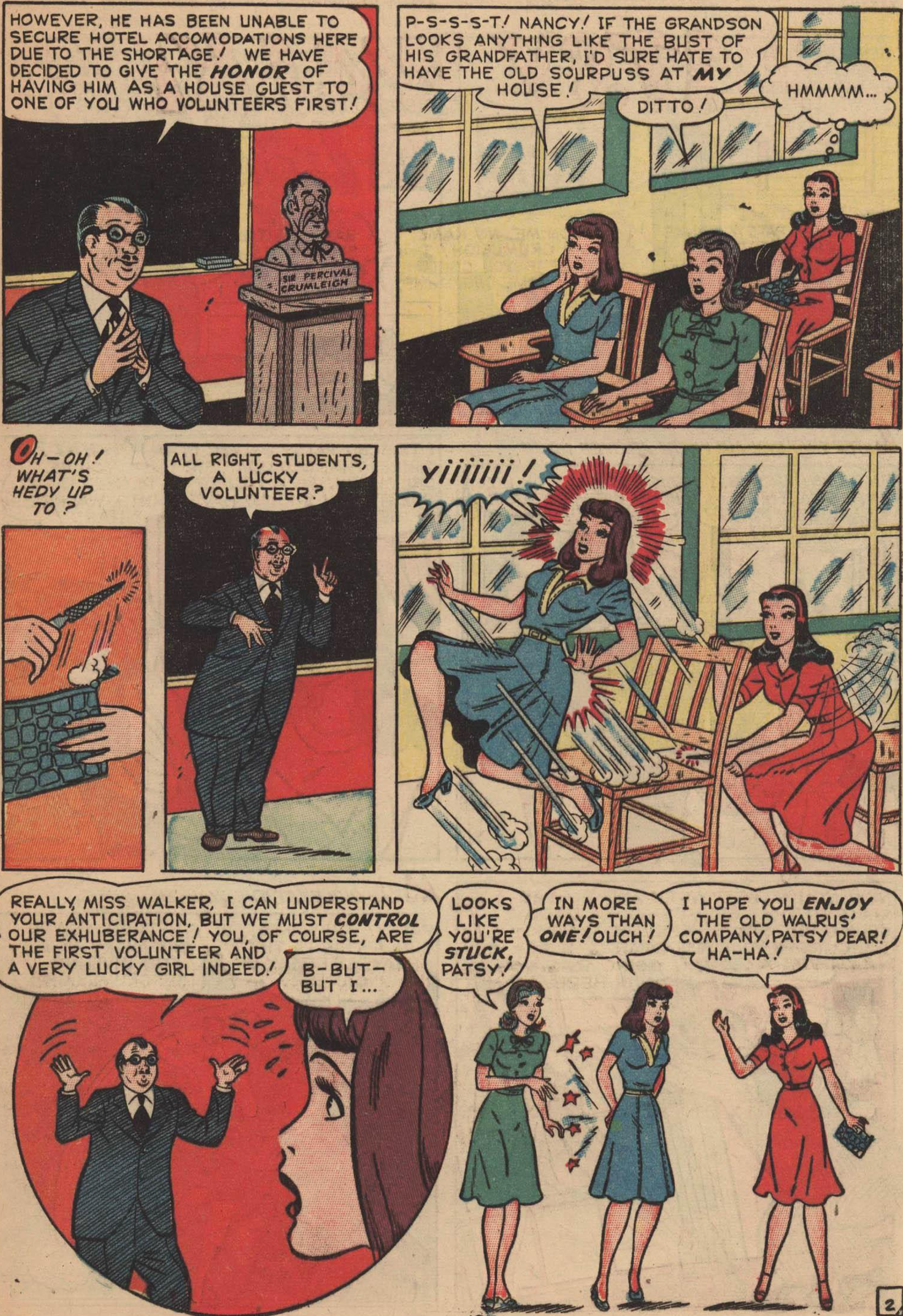
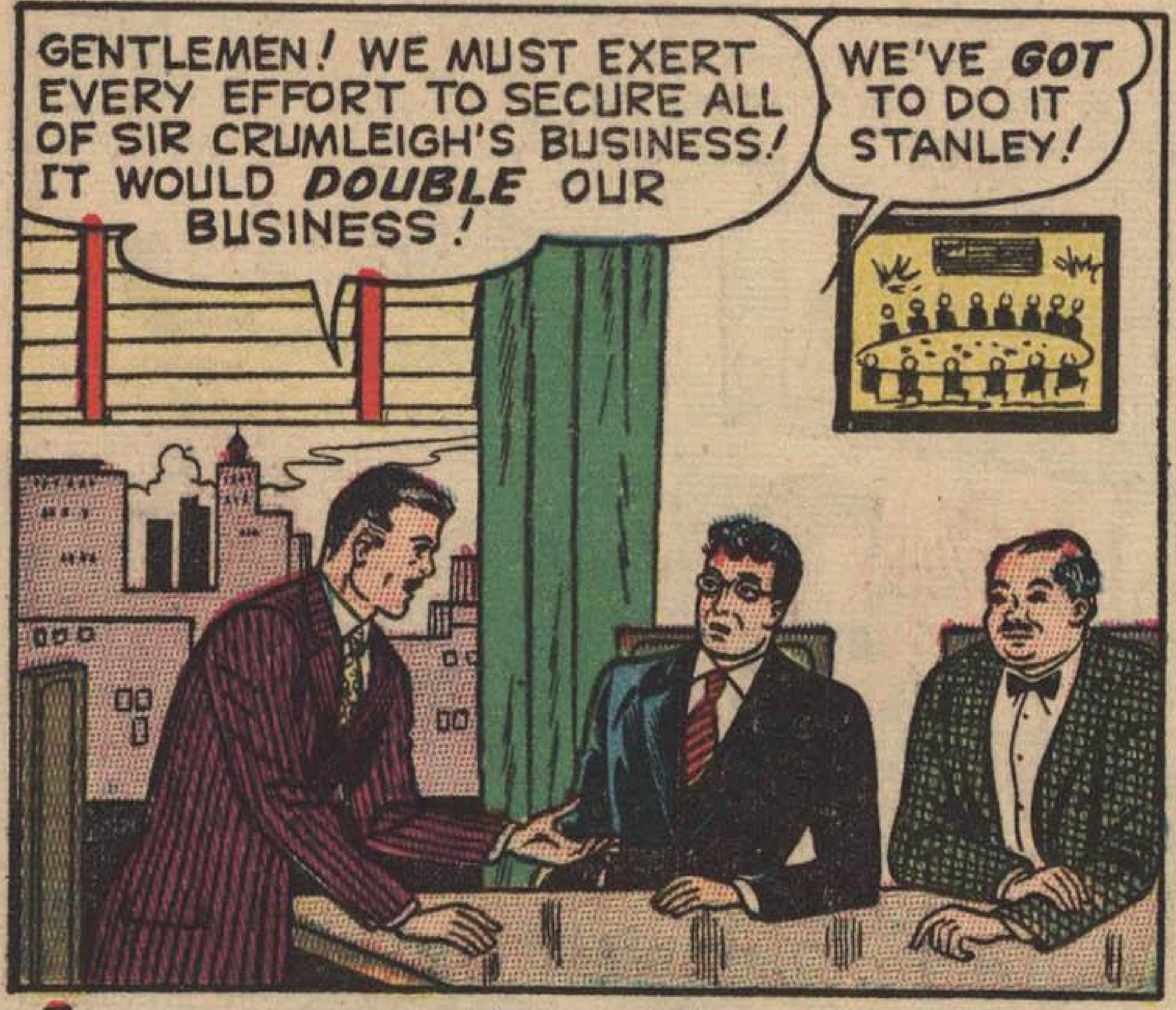
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! DEAN SMEDLEY IS GOING TO **SPEAK** IN HERE!
1

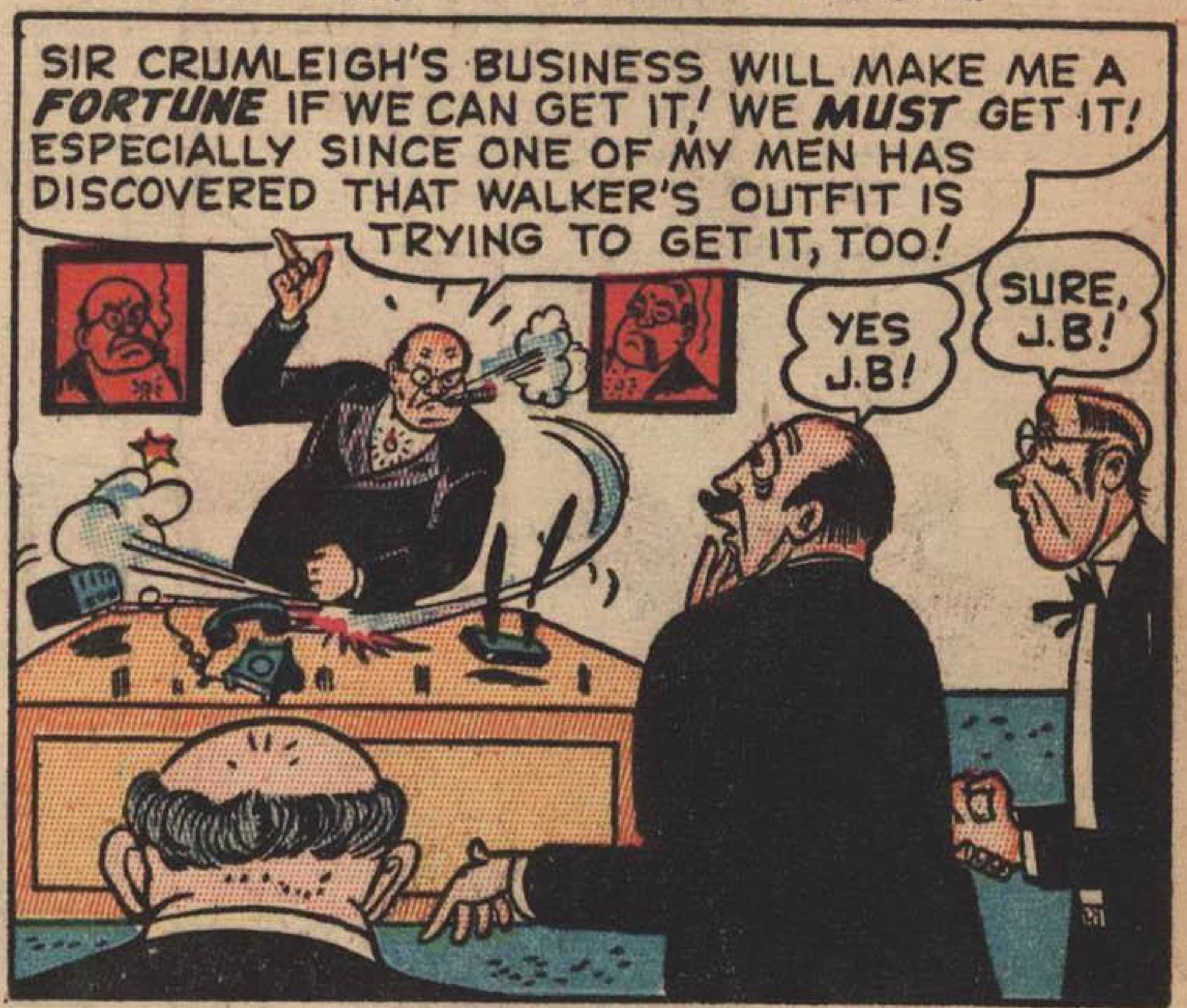

STUDENTS, AS YOU ALL KNOW, SIR PERCIVAL CRUMLEIGH ENDOWED OUR SCHOOL WITH THE LIBRARY YEARS AGO WHEN HE VISITED CENTERVILLE! HIS **GRANDSON**, SIR GERARD CRUMLEIGH, IS COMING TO CENTERVILLE TO LIVE PERMANENTLY!


HOWEVER, HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO SECURE HOTEL ACCOMODATIONS HERE DUE TO THE SHORTAGE! WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE THE **HONOR** OF HAVING HIM AS A HOUSE GUEST TO ONE OF YOU WHO VOLUNTEERS FIRST!
SIR PERCIVAL CRUMLEIGH
P-S-S-S-T! NANCY! IF THE GRANDSON LOOKS ANYTHING LIKE THE BUST OF HIS GRANDFATHER, I'D SURE HATE TO HAVE THE OLD SOURPUSS AT **MY** HOUSE!
DITTO!
HMMMM...
OH-OH! WHAT'S HEDY UP TO?
ALL RIGHT, STUDENTS, A LUCKY VOLUNTEER?
YIIIIIII!
REALLY, MISS WALKER, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR ANTICIPATION, BUT WE MUST **CONTROL** OUR EXHUBERANCE! YOU, OF COURSE, ARE THE FIRST VOLUNTEER AND A VERY LUCKY GIRL INDEED!
B-BUT-BUT I...
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE **STUCK**, PATSY!
IN MORE WAYS THAN **ONE!** OUCH!
I HOPE YOU **ENJOY** THE OLD WALRUS' COMPANY, PATSY DEAR! HA-HA!
2

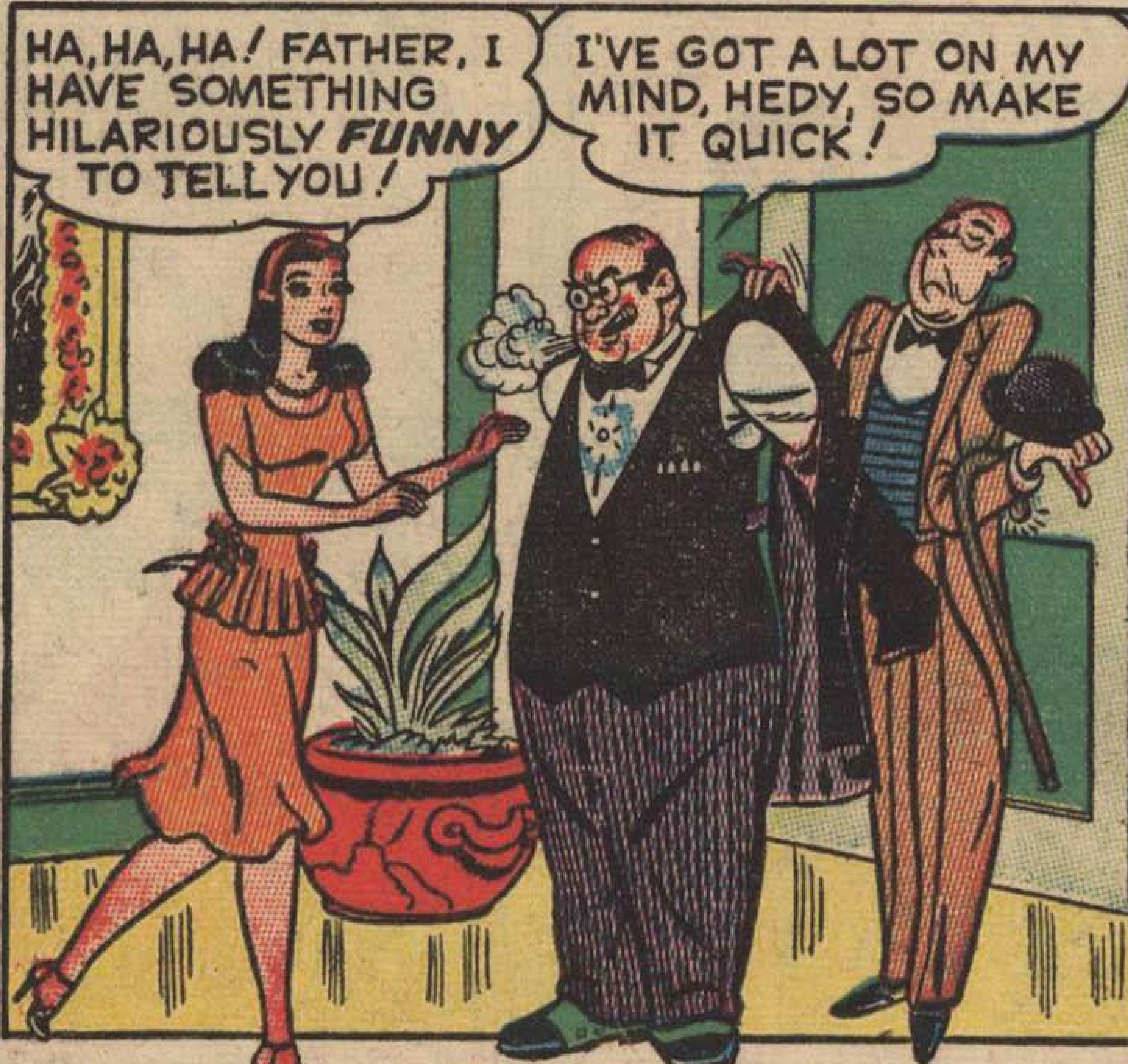
MEANWHILE, AT THIS MOMENT IN MR. WALKER'S OFFICE...

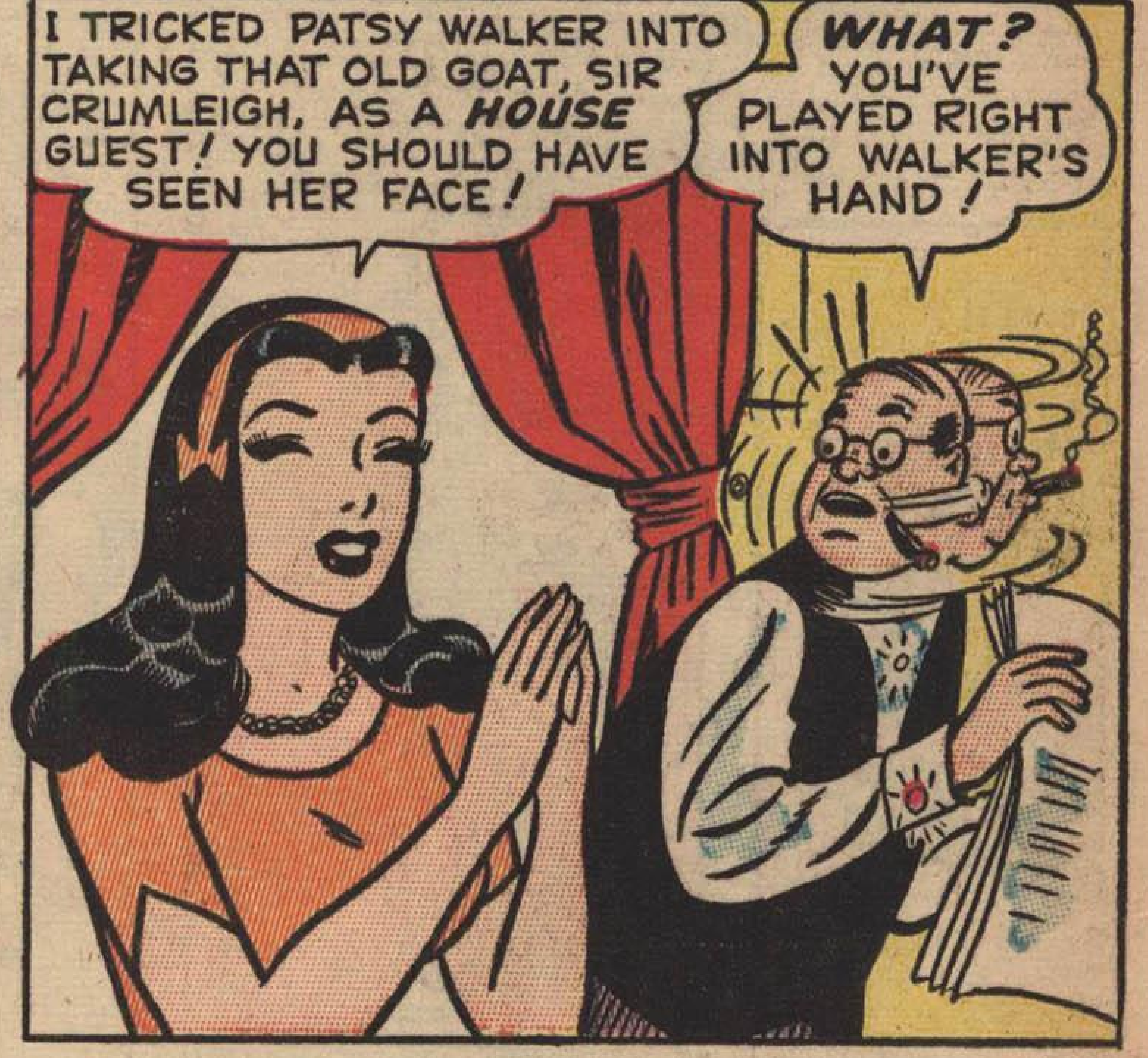

GENTLEMEN! WE MUST EXERT EVERY EFFORT TO SECURE ALL OF SIR CRUMLEIGH'S BUSINESS! IT WOULD **DOUBLE** OUR BUSINESS!
WE'VE **GOT** TO DO IT STANLEY!

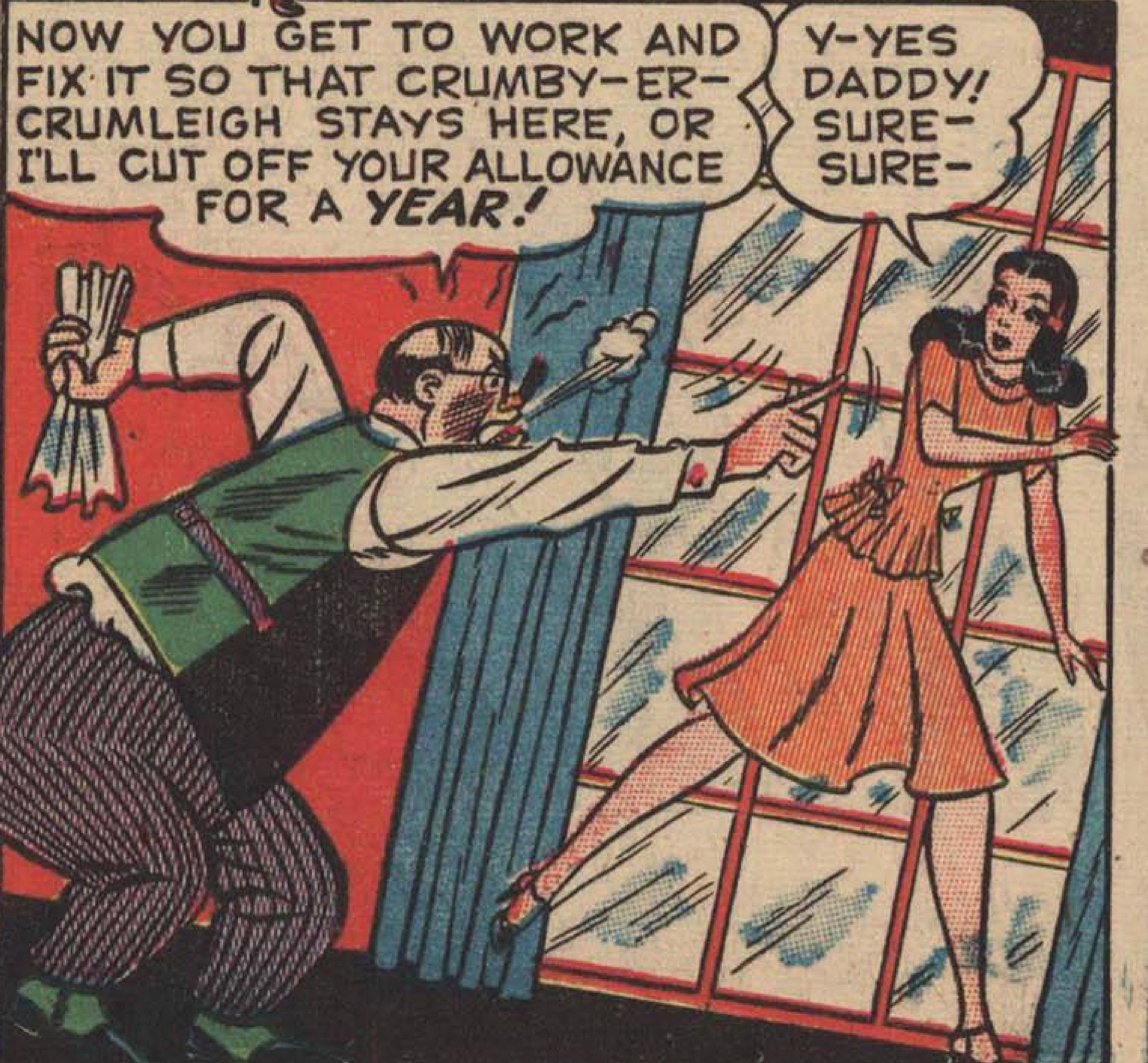
AND IN ANOTHER OFFICE DOWNTOWN, HEDY'S FATHER MAKES A SIMILAR SPEECH...


SIR CRUMLEIGH'S BUSINESS WILL MAKE ME A **FORTUNE** IF WE CAN GET IT! WE **MUST** GET IT! ESPECIALLY SINCE ONE OF MY MEN HAS DISCOVERED THAT WALKER'S OUTFIT IS TRYING TO GET IT, TOO!
YES J.B!
SURE, J.B!

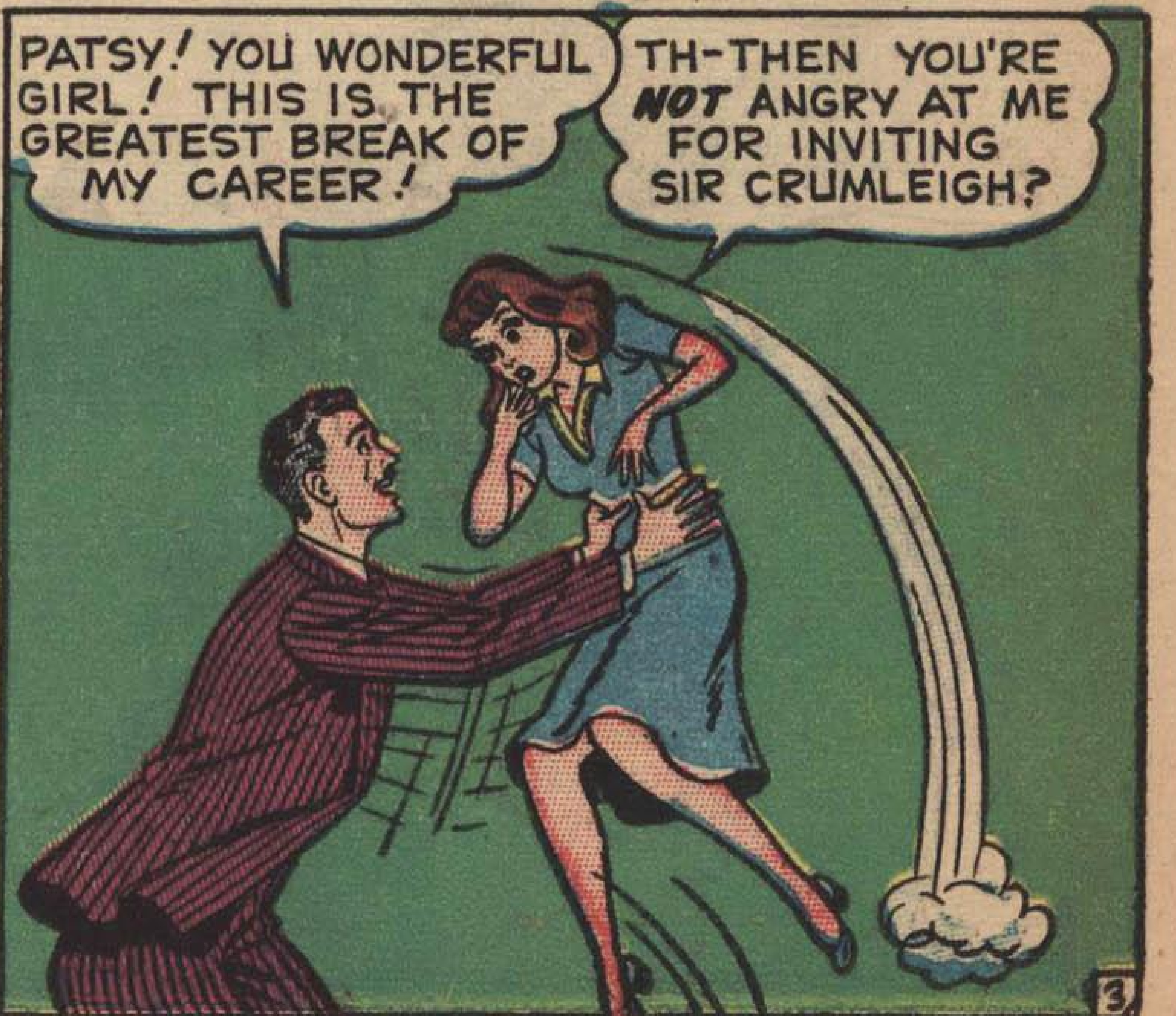
LATER THAT DAY, MR. WOLFE ARRIVES HOME...


HA, HA, HA! FATHER, I HAVE SOMETHING HILARIOUSLY **FUNNY** TO TELL YOU!
I'VE GOT A LOT ON MY MIND, HEDY, SO MAKE IT QUICK!


I TRICKED PATSY WALKER INTO TAKING THAT OLD GOAT, SIR CRUMLEIGH, AS A **HOUSE** GUEST! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER FACE!
WHAT? YOU'VE PLAYED RIGHT INTO WALKER'S HAND!


NOW YOU GET TO WORK AND FIX IT SO THAT CRUMBY—ER—CRUMLEIGH STAYS HERE, OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR ALLOWANCE FOR A **YEAR**!
Y-YES DADDY! SURE—SURE—

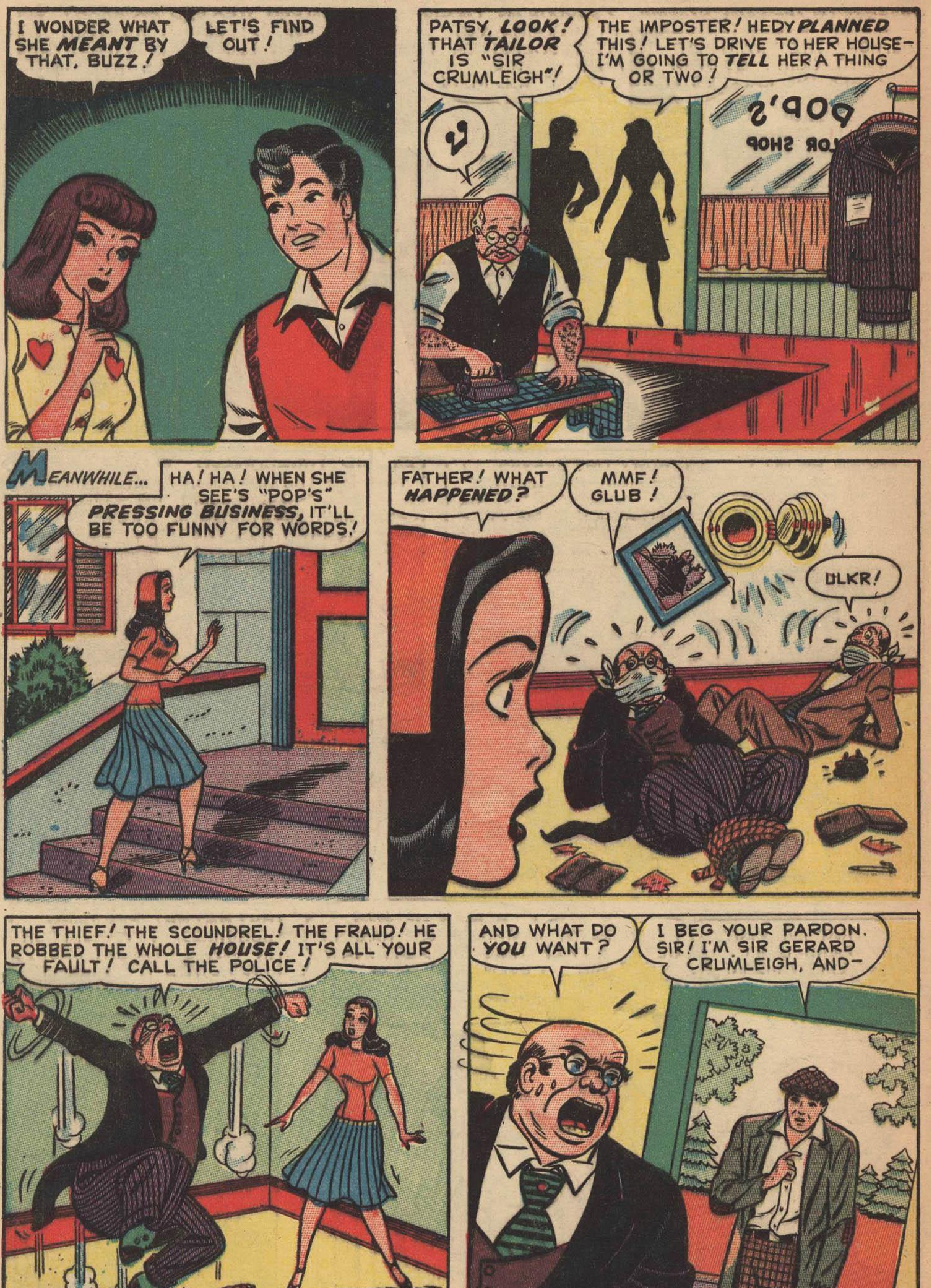
MEANWHILE, AT THE WALKER HOUSE...

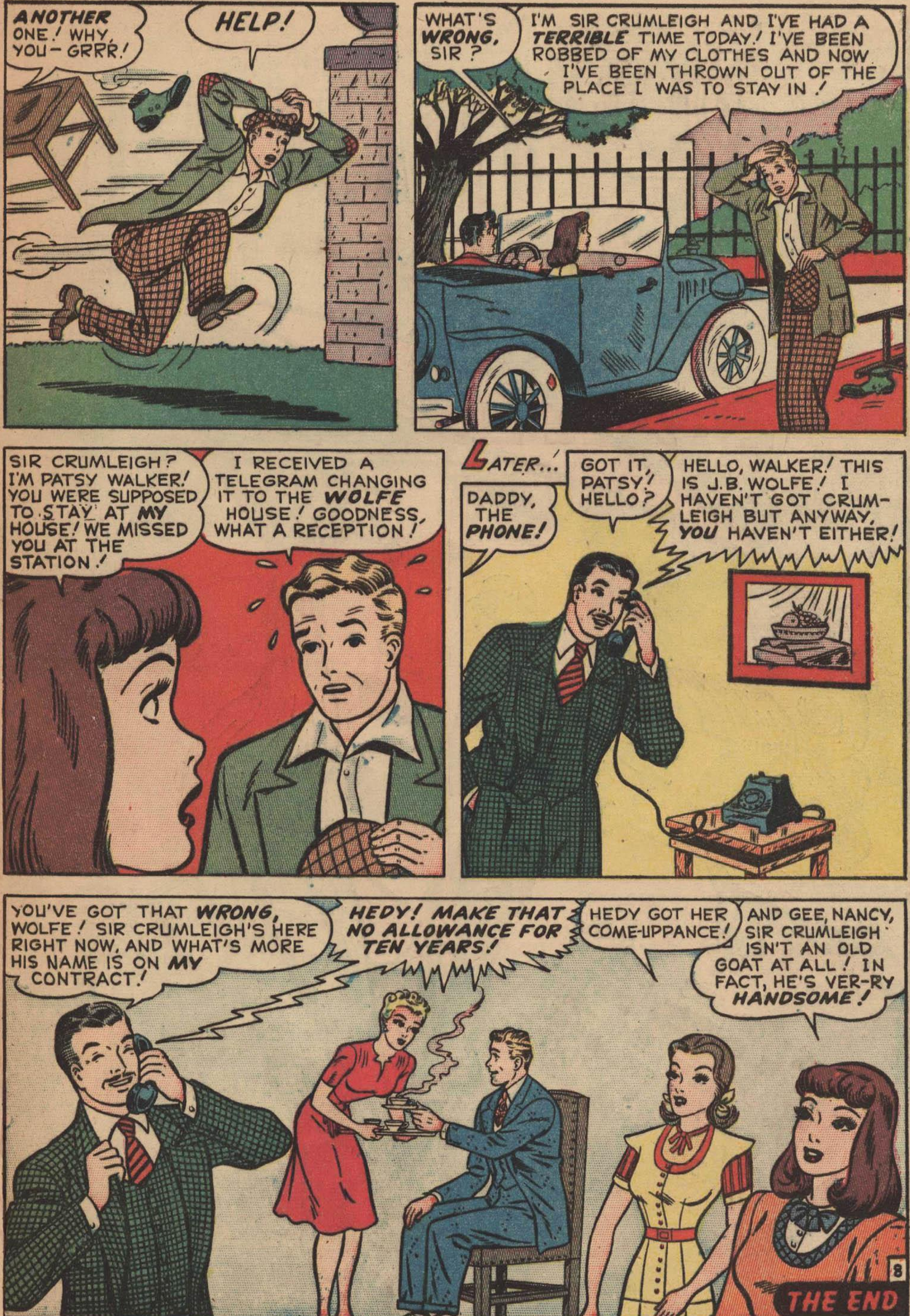

PATSY! YOU WONDERFUL GIRL! THIS IS THE GREATEST BREAK OF MY CAREER!
TH-THEN YOU'RE **NOT** ANGRY AT ME FOR INVITING SIR CRUMLEIGH?
3

I'M TICKLED PINK! OLD MAN WOLFE IS TRYING TO GET CRUMLEIGH'S BUSINESS! I'D LIKE TO SEE HIS **FACE** WHEN HE FINDS CRUMLEIGH IS STAYING HERE!
AND I'D LIKE TO SEE **HEDY'S** FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT!
AT THIS MOMENT...
GOLLY! **NOW** WHAT WILL I DO?
HELLO, MISS WOLFE! I'VE GOT YOUR DRESSES CLEAN AND PRESSED!
POP'S TAILOR SHOP
HELLO, POP! SAY... I'VE GOT A **TERRIFIC** IDEA!
HUH?
POP, THIS AFTERNOON YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY THE PART OF SIR GERARD CRUMLEIGH!
PLEASE, MISS WOLFE, I'M A **TAILOR**- NOT AN ACTOR!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
...AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MEET THE WALKERS AT THE RAILROAD STATION!
I'LL BE **GLAD** TO DO IT FOR YOU, MISS WOLFE! AND THANKS FOR THE $ 10!
NOW TO SEND SIR CRUMLEIGH A **TELEGRAM**! HE SHOULD BE ON THE CENTERVILLE EXPRESS RIGHT NOW!
WESTER UNION
TELEGRA AGENCY
OPEN 24 HOURS
4
LATER, ON THE CENTERVILLE EXPRESS...
TELEGRAM FOR YOU, SIR CRUMLEIGH!
OH, I SAY, THANK YOU, MY GOOD FELLOW!
COMPARTMENT B

WESTERN UNION
TO: SIR GERARD CRUMLEIGH---
ADDRESS: CENTERVILLE EXPRESS---ENROUTE
DEAR SIR CRUMLEIGH---
PLEASE DISREGARD PREVIOUS TELEGRAM REGARDING YOUR STAYING AT THE WALKERS– YOU WILL STAY WITH THE WOLFES INSTEAD AND WILL BE MET AT THE STATION BY MR WOLFE'S CHARMING DAUGHTER, HEDY!
DEAN SMEDLEY
AT THIS MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TRAIN...
I THOUGHT THIS DUMB FLATFOOT WOULD NEVER DOZE OFF! LUCKY NO ONE'S IN THIS CAR!
ZZZZZ
NOW TO GET SOME NEW DUDS! I WOULDN'T GET VERY FAR IN THESE!
I SAY, COME IN!
COMPARTMENT B
NOK! NOK!
O.K., FANCY-PANTS, WE'RE CHANGING CLOTHES! DON'T MAKE A SOUND OR ELSE...
OH, MY WORD, YOU CAWN'T DO THIS!
I DID! S'LONG, PAL! YOU CAN SEND ME A BILL!
GLMPH!
MEANWHILE, AT THE CENTERVILLE STATION...
DADDY, THE TRAIN'S COMING IN NOW!
I WONDER WHAT OLD WHISKERS IS LIKE!
PLEASE, NANCY, A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR OUR HONORED GUEST!

NEARBY, ON THE SAME STATION...
O.K., POP! THE TRAIN HAS STOPPED! QUICK- GO OVER AND TAKE THE WALKERS AWAY BEFORE THE REAL SIR CRUMLEIGH GETS OFF!
YES, MISS WOLFE!
PARDON ME, I'M SIR CRUMLEIGH AND I'M LOOKING FOR MR. WALKER! COULD YOU PL-
I'M MR. WALKER, SIR, AND I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! THEY'RE GETTING INTO THE WALKER CAR! NOW TO CATCH THE REAL CRUMLEIGH!
THERE HE IS!
DEAR SIR CRUMLEIGH! I'M MISS WOLFE AND MY CAR IS WAITING!
HUH? OH! ER-YES...
HMM! A RICH DAME! IT MIGHT PAY TO PLAY ALONG WITH THIS...
FATHER, THIS IS SIR CRUMLEIGH!
UH-PLEASED TUH MEETCHA!
AH, SIR CRUMLEIGH! I'M SO GLAD TO KNOW YOU!
NOW THAT I'VE FIXED EVERYTHING JUST RIGHT, I'M DYING TO FIND OUT HOW PATSY IS MAKING OUT!
HELLO, PATSY DEAR! MAY I MEET SIR CRUMLEIGH?
A MAN OF HIS IMPORTANCE HAS NO TIME TO WASTE! WHY EVEN NOW HE'S DOWNTOWN ON SOME PRESSING BUSINESS!
HA! HA! HA! "PRESSING" BUSINESS! IF YOU'LL LOOK IN "POP'S" TAILOR SHOP, YOU'LL SEE IT!
?
6


I WONDER WHAT SHE **MEANT** BY THAT, BUZZ!
LET'S FIND OUT!
PATSY, **LOOK!** THAT **TAILOR** IS "SIR CRUMLEIGH"!
THE IMPOSTER! HEDY **PLANNED** THIS! LET'S DRIVE TO HER HOUSE— I'M GOING TO **TELL** HER A THING OR TWO!
POP'S
LOR SHOP
MEANWHILE...
HA! HA! WHEN SHE SEE'S "POP'S" **PRESSING BUSINESS,** IT'LL BE TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS!
FATHER! WHAT **HAPPENED?**
MMF! GLUB!
ULKR!
THE THIEF! THE SCOUNDREL! THE FRAUD! HE ROBBED THE WHOLE **HOUSE!** IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! CALL THE POLICE!
AND WHAT DO **YOU** WANT?
I BEG YOUR PARDON. SIR! I'M SIR GERARD CRUMLEIGH, AND—
7


ANOTHER ONE! WHY, YOU- GRRR!
HELP!
WHAT'S WRONG, SIR?
I'M SIR CRUMLEIGH AND I'VE HAD A TERRIBLE TIME TODAY! I'VE BEEN ROBBED OF MY CLOTHES AND NOW I'VE BEEN THROWN OUT OF THE PLACE I WAS TO STAY IN!
SIR CRUMLEIGH? I'M PATSY WALKER! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY AT MY HOUSE! WE MISSED YOU AT THE STATION!
I RECEIVED A TELEGRAM CHANGING IT TO THE WOLFE HOUSE! GOODNESS, WHAT A RECEPTION!
LATER...!
DADDY, THE PHONE!
GOT IT, PATSY! HELLO?
HELLO, WALKER! THIS IS J.B. WOLFE! I HAVEN'T GOT CRUMLEIGH BUT ANYWAY, YOU HAVEN'T EITHER!
YOU'VE GOT THAT WRONG, WOLFE! SIR CRUMLEIGH'S HERE RIGHT NOW, AND WHAT'S MORE HIS NAME IS ON MY CONTRACT!
HEDY! MAKE THAT NO ALLOWANCE FOR TEN YEARS!
HEDY GOT HER COME-UPPANCE!
AND GEE, NANCY, SIR CRUMLEIGH ISN'T AN OLD GOAT AT ALL! IN FACT, HE'S VER-RY HANDSOME!
8
THE END

ROMANCE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!

By

MAXINE SHORE

NONE OF HER SCHOOL MATES KNEW OF GEORGIA'S DARKEST SECRET . . . NONE, EXCEPT ONE—THE ONE BOY IN THE WORLD WHOM SHE DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW!

PUSHING through the gay groups crowding the halls, Georgia Wyman twirled the combination on her locker, opened it swiftly, thrust in her books, snatched her coat. She'd have to hurry. Miss Putnam had kept the class overtime to announce tryouts for the Spanish play.

Georgia's throat tightened. Now the Spanish play. Always something going on after school that she couldn't be in on. Behind her carefree voices called, "Going to Science Club?" "Don't forget Silver Tri meeting!" "How about chasing down to Stiffy's for cokes?" They called, but not to her, any more.

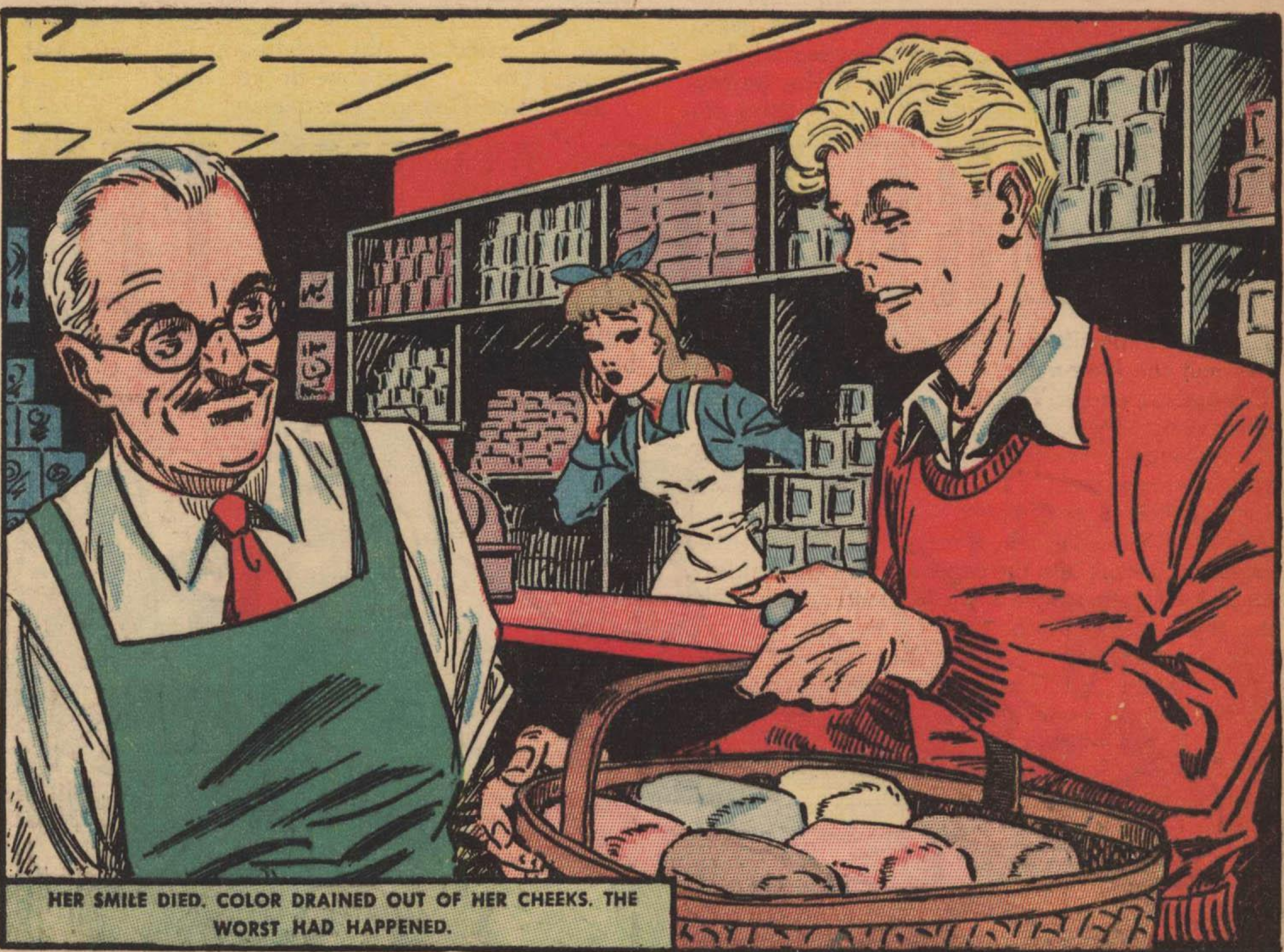
Merry Edwards banged open an adjoining locker, glanced over at Georgia. "Hi—sure you haven't changed your mind about going to the operetta Friday night? I've got several tickets left—good seats, too."

Georgia managed a half smile. "Sorry . . . can't make it."

Wriggling into her coat, she reached for her English book and her black looseleaf, slammed her locker shut, and ran swiftly down the noisy halls.

At the outer doors, she almost smashed directly into a tall blond boy with humorous grey eyes and a cleft chin. Jeffrey Vaughan, of all people—that new boy all the girls were waving their eyelashes at!

"Hey—what's the rush?" Teasingly he blocked her way. "Why not stick around awhile?"


HER SMILE DIED. COLOR DRAINED OUT OF HER CHEEKS. THE WORST HAD HAPPENED.

"I . . . I can't," faltered Georgia.

"Can't?" Jeff Vaughan wagged his head. "Too bad. Well . . ." he brightened, "maybe I'm going your way?"

Georgia's blue eyes widened. "Oh, no! No . . . I'm sure you're not!"

Jeff Vaughan stepped back. The laughter went out of his face. "Okay," he said. "Guess you're right." He turned away.

Choking, Georgia hurried down the steps, small feet scuffing fallen leaves, the autumn sunlight gentle on her gold-brown hair. Probably, she thought miserably, Jeff Vaughan wouldn't ever speak to her again, not even to ask her about Spanish translation. But, she told herself firmly, it was better for her to give him the brush-off than vice versa.

But, in spite of herself, her lips drooped. It was hard to have to sacrifice the present for the future.

Catching a streetcar, she rode 10 minutes, got off and hurried into a small neighborhood grocery store. Mr. Bauman, the proprietor, looked up from arranging a display, nodded pleasantly. Thank goodness, he didn't say anything about her being 10 minutes late!

Over behind the meat counter, Al, the butcher, waggled a pork chop at her.

"Beauty joins the beasts," he said, guffawing.

Georgia smiled lop-sidedly. In the back room, she took off her coat, put on the shapeless white apron, came back out front for orders.

"You can clear this counter off." Mr. Bauman jerked a thumb toward it. "I'm expecting a delivery of a new-fangled Vitamin-Plus whole wheat bread. Got talked into it by the manager of a new bakery opening up the other side of town."

Vitamins, thought Georgia bleakly, as she set to work. Maybe that's what she needed more of. Except on Saturdays, her evenings were free after 6:00, but she was always too tired to do anything with them, aside from studying in a droopy-eyed sort of way.

Oh, if things were only the way they used to be—last year, all the beautiful irresponsible years before! Before her father had passed on, and reduced income had changed their comfortable way of living. Oh, they still had the house—it would have been almost better, Georgia sometimes thought, if they hadn't—if they could have moved to a less expensive neighborhood, where she could have attended a school where working part-time was not so—so unusual.

From now on, until she finished high school, nearly two whole years from now, she'd have to work, part-time and during vacations full time, if she ever expected to go to art school, which was what she'd set her heart on doing. Georgia sighed. The dream was still bright, but the way of making it come true was so dull—having to wear an ill-fitting white apron six afternoons, one evening, every vacation—taking orders, clearing counters, waiting on customers, weighing vegetables, filling sacks.

It wasn't that she minded the actual work so much. In a way, it was sort of—well, stimulating—to find you were capable of holding a regular job, of earning money. It was just that she was missing such a lot in school. These days she felt something like an outcast. There was so much more to school than just classes. Most of the interesting things happened afterwards, things that made for talk, for secret jokes, blossoming friendships, happy plans. Clubs, games, parties, dates, dances—she missed out on them all. She was always on the outside now, looking wistfully in.

At first old friends kept asking her to do things with them. But, of course, she hadn't been able to, and lately they'd stopped asking. Naturally. Perhaps she should have explained the way things were, but somehow she just couldn't. Whichever way, there would still be the rift that always existed between the haves and the have-nots.

Customers came in. The store became busy. Georgia welcomed activity, for then she forgot her own problems in helping customers, almost enjoyed herself, until she remembered that she could have been enjoying herself so much more.

It was after 5:00 when it happened. Smiling, she was putting a sack into the eager arms of a small boy, who had brought a note from his mother, when the outer door opened again.

She looked up casually. Her heart almost forgot to beat. It was . . . it was . . . Jeffrey Vaughan! Her smile died. Color drained out of her cheeks. The worst had happened.

He didn't see her right away. Or perhaps he didn't recognize her, in the smudged white apron, her curls escaping from the smooth hair-do she preferred for school.

Then he looked directly at her, and astonishment leaped into his grey eyes—but no more than the astonishment that came into hers. For Jeff Vaughan was carrying something—a basket. A huge basket loaded with bread!

As he came toward her, sudden understanding in his smiling eyes, Georgia wanted to laugh and she wanted to cry. Why, Jeff worked, too—the way she did, after school!

"Hello, there!" he said. "Say-y, I didn't know you worked here!"

Georgia nodded happily. "Oh, yes," she said, "since last summer. It's lots of fun—I love it!" All at once, she really did!

Jeff grinned. "Well, honest labor becomes you. You look even prettier than you do at school. More alive, sort of. I like girls who do things."

Georgia couldn't think of anything to say. She just kept smiling back at him.

"Well . . . uh . . . I've brought the order of Vitamin-Plus bread Mr. Bauman ordered." He set the basket down awkwardly. "Where'll I put it?"

Georgia snapped into action. "Oh, over here, please. On this counter. Mr. Bauman's out back. He'll be in directly. Oh, here he is now. Mr. Bauman, the . . . the . . ."

"Just tell him the baker boy is here." Jeff grinned.

While Mr. Bauman checked the order with Jeff, helped him arrange the loaves on the counter, Georgia waited on a customer, but managed to keep an interested eye on the proceedings, too. Jeff hadn't been working very long, she could tell. But he'd learn. He was very earnest about the transaction.

After finishing with Mr. Bauman, Jeff lingered until Georgia had a few minutes between customers.

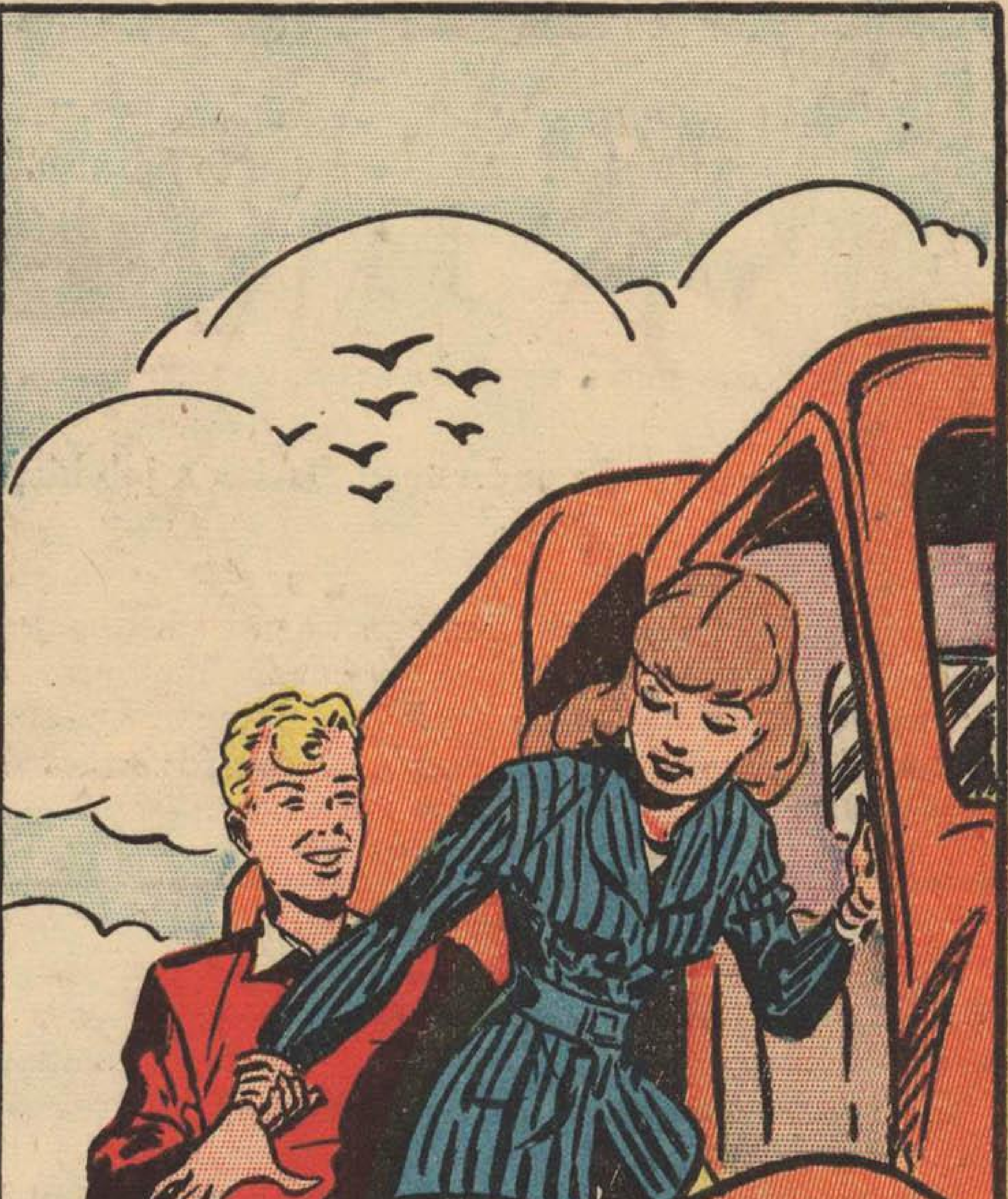
"Say," he said hopefully, "I've only got a couple more deliveries in this neighborhood. Then I'm through. Uh . . . what time do you quit?"

"Six," said Georgia breathlessly.

"Well . . . uh . . . maybe you'd like a lift home? That is, if you don't mind riding in a bakery truck?"

"I'd love it."

She did, too. Time was when she would have been terribly embarrassed to be seen riding in a bread truck beside a baker's boy. Now she didn't care who might see her. It was like riding in a chariot, only better because, instead of some strange stuffy prince beside her, there was Jeff.



TIME WAS WHEN SHE WOULD HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED TO BE SEEN RIDING IN A BREAD TRUCK BESIDE A BAKER'S BOY.

She felt easy with Jeff, at home—the way she hadn't felt with anyone at school all fall. It was such a relief—like having a long cool drink when you were thirsty. What if the kids at school did find out she worked in a grocery store? Some pretty interesting things could happen to a working girl.

Jeff drew up before the big house on the quiet residential street, somewhat surprised, as if he hadn't quite expected her to live there. Georgia explained briefly about her father, why she must work now. Not apologetically. Matter-of-factly.

"You've got the stuff," he said awkwardly. "I liked you from the first day I walked into Spanish class, but you didn't seem interested in getting acquainted. Now you seem like a different girl, somehow."

"I guess I am." Georgia's blue eyes shone. "Well—thanks for the lift, Jeff. Adios—see you in Spanish."

"Wait! Uh . . . how about going to the operetta with me Friday night?"

Georgia hesitated.

"We'll come home as early as you say," he persuaded.

Why, of course—he understood, having a job himself!

"It's a date," she said.

After school the next afternoon when Beth Ruggles asked her if she was going to try out for the Spanish play, Georgia found herself explaining why she couldn't. Some of the other girls overheard, crowded around.

"You've got a job?" Nancy Stuart looked at Georgia admiringly. "How wonderful—not to have to ask anyone for money!"

Beth said, "Jeepers, that sounds exciting!"

Joyce Ambrose began making plans for a Sunday afternoon picnic at which Georgia could be present. Surprised gratitude lumped Georgia's throat. Of course, she still couldn't be in on everything that went on the way she used to be, but this wasn't too bad. Besides, there was Jeff—wait until she walked into the school auditorium with him Friday night!

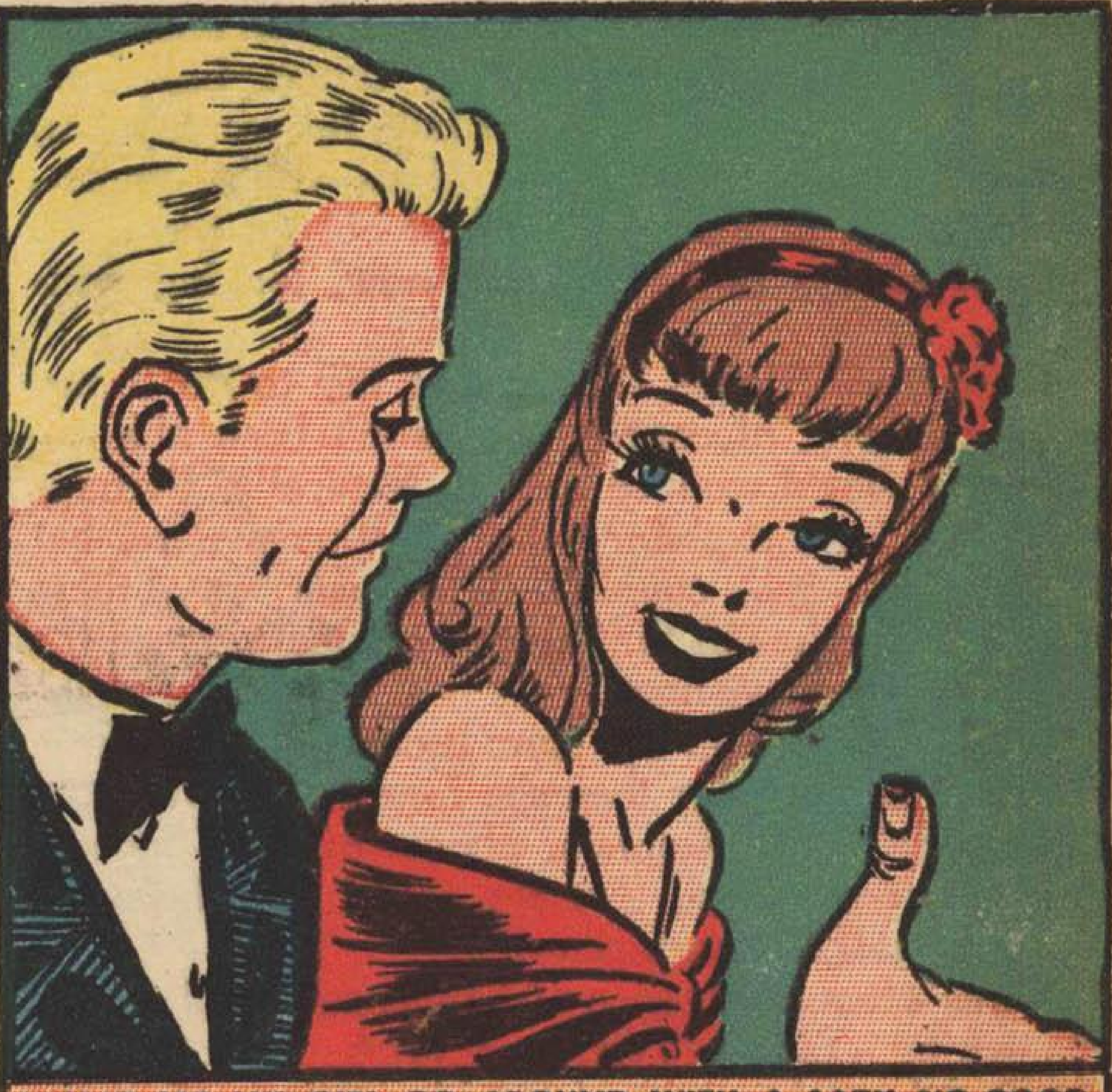
All that week, Georgia worked nights making over an old date dress. Her mother helped and her small brother, Budge, lent his baffled attention.

"There's good material in that dress," Mrs. Wyman smoothed it. "You can always do wonders with quality."

Friday night, getting ready, she felt dreadfully tired. She almost wished she weren't going after all. Feeling the way she did, she couldn't be the lively companion Jeff would want. And just thinking about the long working Saturday tomorrow wearied her even more.

She was slipping into the made-over dress when the doorbell pealed. A terrible excitement boiled up in her. She straightened the skirt, whirled before the long mirror. Oh, why her dress looked lovely! No one would ever guess it was an old one. And what if they did? Her hair was brushed shiny-smooth, her face was rosy, her eyes glowing.

Jeff waited at the foot of the stairs, looking very impressive, she thought, even if he was a baker's boy. So clean and well-groomed. He was talking to her mother. Georgia hoped that they approved of each other.



"CAN'T LET MY GIRL GO AROUND WITH A LAZY NO-GOOD, CAN I?"

"Hi, Jeff!" She came down smiling.

"Hi, yourself—beautiful!" said Jeff.

They bade goodnight to Mrs. Wyman, went out the front door into the crisp fall night, down the winding path. A long green car stood at the curb. Jeff stepped forward, opened the door.

"Wh-where'd you get th-that?" faltered Georgia.

"Talked Dad out of it for tonight. Told him this was an occasion, my escorting the cutest girl in school."

Georgia drew a long bewildered breath. "But . . . the bakery truck . . ."

"Hey—you didn't think I'd take you in that thing—on a regular date? I just use that when I help out at the bakery. By the way, Dad is pleased as punch that I've decided to help out regularly now, instead of just now and then."

"You mean . . . you . . . you don't *have* to work?" asked Georgia weakly.

"Have to?" Jeff frowned. "Nope—but I find I like to. Can't let my girl go around with a lazy no-good, can I?"

"Your father . . .?"

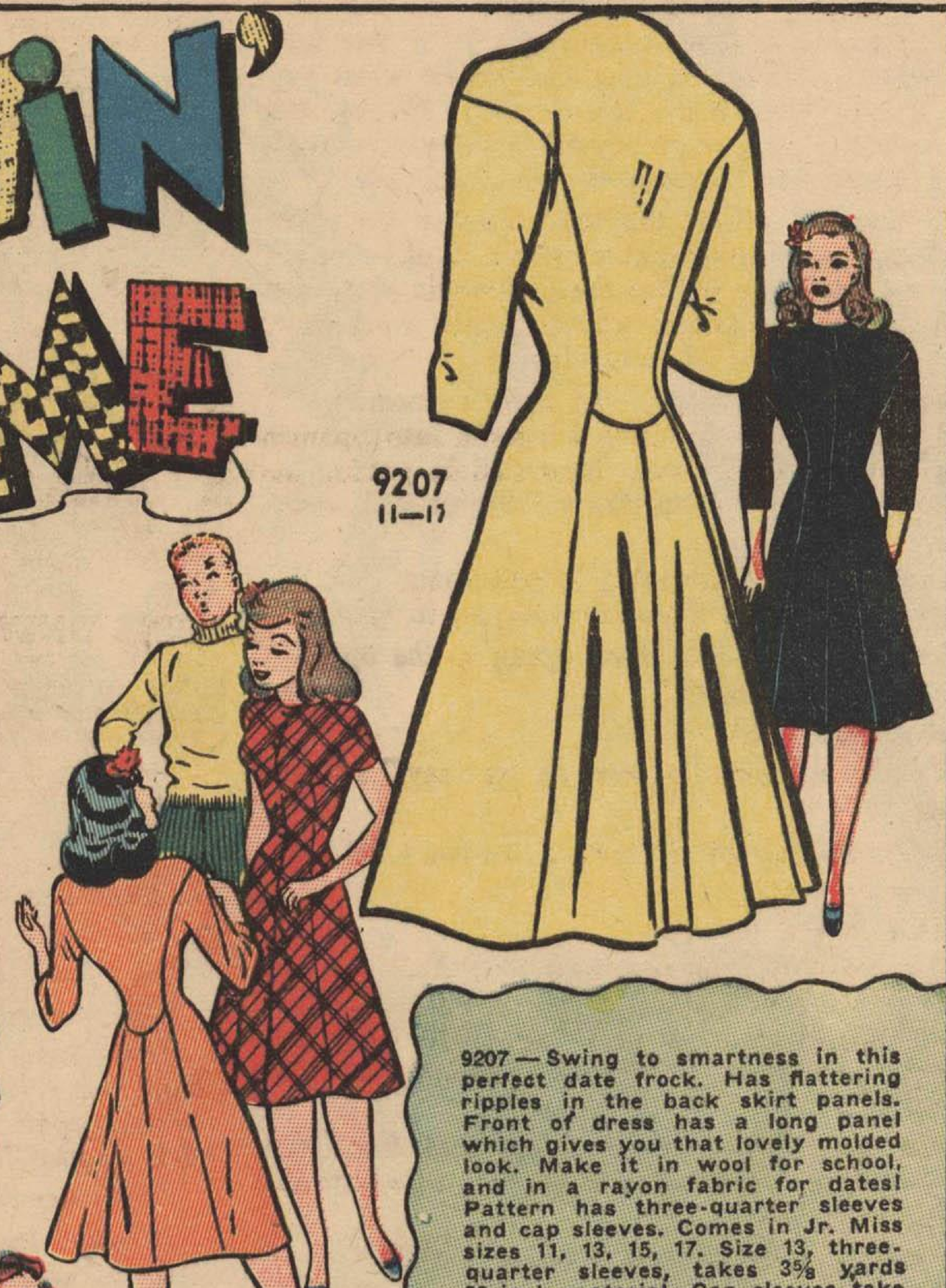
"Owns the Vitamin-Plus Bakery. Didn't you know?"

"No," said Georgia slowly, "I didn't. But it doesn't matter." She got into the car, smiling to herself in the darkness.

Jeff climbed in, grinned down at her, and the long green car purred through the tree-lined streets. Then Georgia was aware of a curious thing. Why, she wasn't tired any more! Not at all. What was more, she knew she wouldn't be tired all evening. For energy, there wasn't a vitamin in the world that could beat happiness!

THE END

STITCHIN' TIME



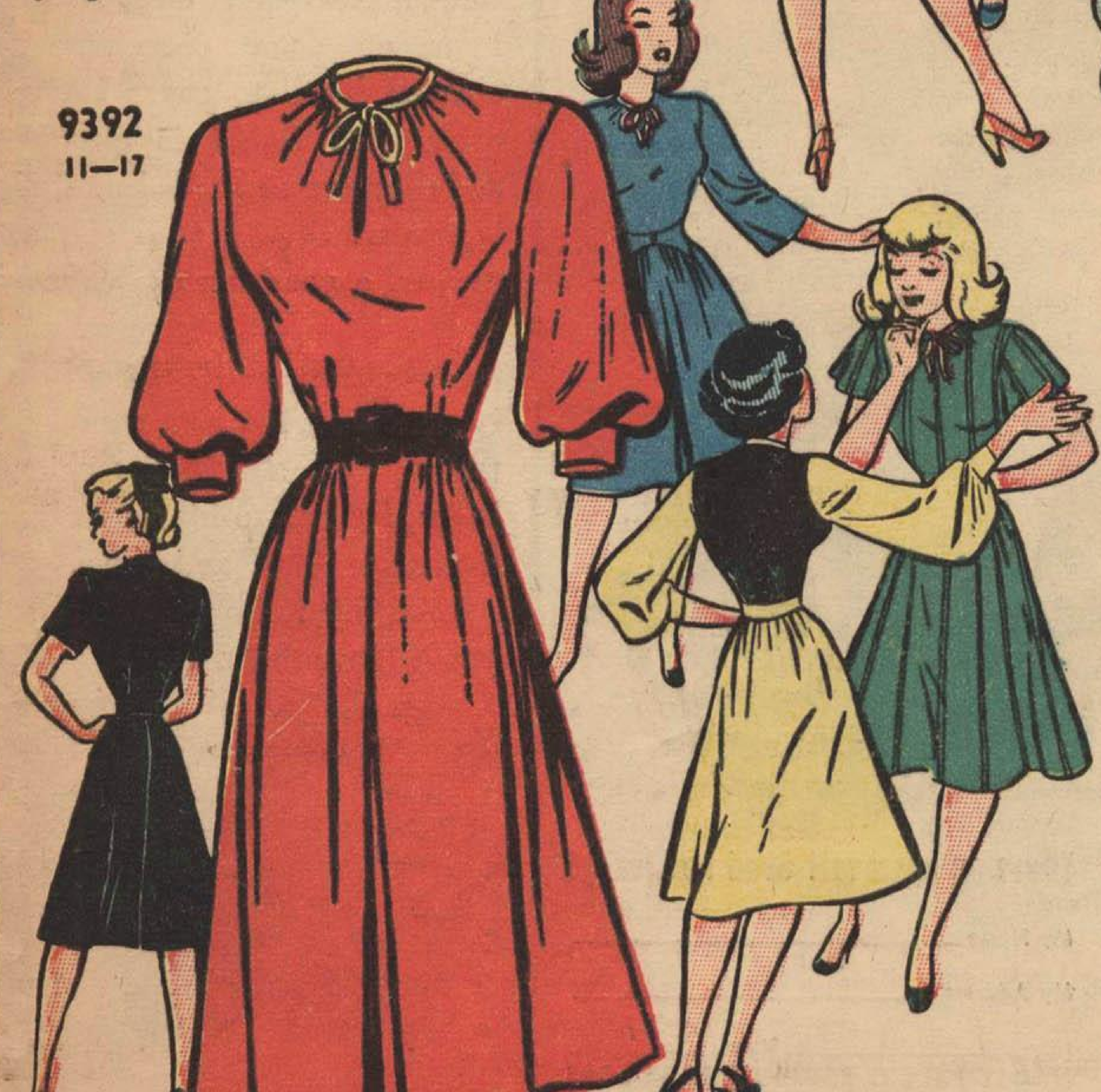
9207
11—17

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: MISS AMERICA, Pattern Dept., Box 235, Station O, New York 11, N. Y.

FIFTEEN CENTS more for the Pattern Book with a free pattern printed right in the book.

9207—Swing to smartness in this perfect date frock. Has flattering ripples in the back skirt panels. Front of dress has a long panel which gives you that lovely molded look. Make it in wool for school, and in a rayon fabric for dates! Pattern has three-quarter sleeves and cap sleeves. Comes in Jr. Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, three-quarter sleeves, takes 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. Cap sleeves take 3⅜ yards 39-inch.

9392
11—17



9392—You'll enjoy breezing through the Winter in this BEAUTIE frock, designed especially for you, Jr. Miss. It has belittling waistline, soft-lined skirt, and full graceful sleeves . . . which adds up to an all-around dress. Pattern 9392 comes in sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13 takes 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Sweet Heart

IMAGINE ONLY

$6.95

Winter White with Black or Wine Velveteen

Hearts will beat faster as you go by in this saucy wool-like dress with a back zipper way down to your hips! Dress-up cap sleeves! Two deep, deep patch pockets with heart-shaped buttons! And velveteen where it looks best—on the sleeves, the belt, 'cross your heart! Window Pane Plaid in BLACK or WINE on Winter White.

Sizes 9 to 17

Dixie Shops

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 51
275 Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me SWEETHEART DRESS on approval. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice

Yours on approval! Send no Money!

My Name__________________ Print

My Address__________________

City____________ State________

MONEY BACK IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

FOOD FOR FUN

LIVER LOVE . . .

Chicken livers usually sound fairly dull. But try them with rice and this super sauce. Then see what happens!

Get about 12 chicken livers, and brown them quickly in 4 tablespoons butter. Take the livers from the pan, and to the butter remaining add 2 tablespoons chopped onion and a crushed clove of garlic. Cook about 2 minutes. Then add a quarter cup mushrooms—canned will do—and cook for one minute longer. Toss in 2½ cups rice (uncooked). Cook for 3 minutes and add 2 tablespoons tomato paste, and a teaspoon meat extract. Pour on some consomme or chicken broth to cover all, and cook until liquid is absorbed, adding more as needed until rice is tender. Season with salt and pepper, a good dash of cayenne, and a little chili pepper. Continue cooking until all the liquid is gone and the rice completely tender, then stir in the chicken livers, let cook a bit longer until livers are done, and serve.

Like the radio programs say, you'll "love that liver"!

Reducing Specialist Says:

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT
where it shows most
REDUCE
most any part of the body with
SPOT REDUCER

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steam baths, drugs or laxatives.

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The "Spot Reducer" can be used in your spare time in your own room. It breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased, awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat. Two weeks after using the "Spot Reducer," look in the mirror and see a more glamorous, better, firmer, slimmer figure that will delight you. You have nothing to lose but weight for the "Spot Reducer" is sold on a money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
With a 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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